

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

OCTOBER 12, 1981

\$1.00

Laskin's  
fateful  
legacy







Harry and Jane, their sons George and Jamie, daughter Carrie, Grandma Jones, dog Rover and cat Ginger all agree:

## Nobody's got it like Pontiac Parisienne.

Parisiennes 4-door Sedan

Some of the equipment shown on this Pontiac is optional or extra cost.

Why shouldn't a family with full-size needs prefer a full-size car? Parisienne offers elbow room for six and a trunk with almost 21 cubic feet of space.

Certainly you expect a full-size car to be spacious. But it can also be fuel-efficient. Start with a standard V6 engine that's helped by easy-roll radial tires for less resistance to forward motion. Add low-drag front-disc brakes to help reduce fuel-wasting friction. Standard automatic transmission with torque converter clutch for even more fuel efficiency. With the standard 3.8 litre V6, Parisienne has an estimated highway

range of 734.2 miles, (1,175 km) based on a 20.8 gallon (95 litre) fuel tank.\* For even greater efficiency, check out our diesel engine.

Roomy, fuel-efficient. Plus luxurious appointments, easy handling and a smooth, quiet ride.

Unless your needs are getting smaller, why settle for a smaller car?

URBAN	13.3 L/100 km	31 MPG
HIGHWAY	8.8 L/100 km	35 MPG
COMBINED	10.3 L/100 km	27 MPG

\*Based on Transport Canada approved test methods. Remember, these fuel consumption economy figures are estimates which may be subject to revision. The actual results you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment. Pontiac's range estimates were obtained by modifying Transport Canada approved highway ratings by the car's 30.8 gallon (95 litre) fuel tank capacity.

Parisiennes Boulevard  
3-door Colour V6-petrol



# PONTIAC

## EDITORIAL

# Dr. Trudeau's cure won't work if his patient expires on the table

By Peter C. Newman

**P**ierre Trudeau's malish posture on the constitution (he will only talk to the premiers if they first agree not to disagree with him) is reminiscent of the conspiracy that propelled the secedists who defied Masada in 78 AD. When Rome's 30th legion finally subdued the 1,000 survivors of the two-year siege, they killed themselves rather than give up their principles. What the prime minister wants is less dramatic (taking a piece of paper out of a vault at Westminster and putting it under his mattress at 38 Sussex Drive), but in the process he could easily wreck the country he is trying to save.

Nearly every assessment of the Supreme Court ruling attempts to pin down who won or lost, and the nine judges' deliberation had been a hockey game. (The verdict is even being set to music by a Toronto rock group calling itself Bora and the Supremes.)

In fact, there was only one clear winner, and that was René Lévesque. The Quebec premier has always maintained that the federal government was trampling on provincial rights, now the highest court in the land has agreed with him. The PQ leader has already won an impressive 111 to 91 victory in the National

Assembly for his anti-federalist stand and spawned Claude Ryan's Liberal party in the process. Ideological opportunists that he is, Lévesque will almost certainly use the constitutional hassle as an excuse to call either an election or another referendum to boost his crusade for an independent Quebec. This is doubly ironic because Trudeau's whole purpose for this constitutional exercise was supposed to be the renewal of federalism he pledged during the climactic days of the May, 1980, referendum.

The only way out of the morass is for Trudeau to take advantage of the court's ruling (that constitutional change no longer requires unanimous consent from the provinces) and agree *meekly* to patriate the constitution with an amending formula—negotiating the charter of rights once the document is on this side of the Atlantic.

Should he refuse to compromise, Pierre Trudeau may find himself reighting both the Battle of Britain (with recalcitrant British parliamentarians who will not be stampeded) and the Battle of the Plains of Abraham (with a rejuvenated René Lévesque). The outcome would be uncertain—but even a victory would not be much sweeter than it was for the silent, stilled defenders of Masada.

## Maclean's

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## Noble, not Nobel

Every person who loves freedom has been impressed and inspired by the achievements of Lech Wałęsa. *Lech Wałęsa's Fighting Spirit Deserves the Nobel Peace Prize* (Editorial, Sept. 28). But ironically the Poles have displayed a disgusting tendency to overplay their cards and wind up with nothing. The U.S.S.R. is, of course, known when to compromise and when to stand firm. Anyone who understands the Soviets knows that they will never tolerate an independent Poland. If Wałęsa stops now and renders the gains permanent, he will truly be one of the heroes of the 20th century. The *don't*, he will be one of the chief architects of a disaster. For that reason the Nobel Peace Prize is premature and your editorial is irresponsible.

—ED WHITE  
Ottawa

## The blob with a heart

The claim that fetuses possess feelings (*Feigning the Memories of Life in the Womb*, Behaviour, Sept. 28) is certainly not new. When I was a nursing student 25 years ago as a nursester taught us that regardless of what anyone said to the contrary, babies in the womb have feelings. She felt that the mother's emotional well-being during pregnancy was definitely transmitted to the child. After carrying those ideas, I now sincerely believe her.

—NANCY TOWNS  
St. John's, Nfld.



Lech Wałęsa: contemplating the cards

I believe that Toronto psychiatrist Thomas Veary is on to something and I hope he continues his research. Those who oppose him, including his colleagues, are those who would have us believe that a fetus is simply a blob whose existence can be terminated at will.

—LOUISE GELMAN  
Surrey, B.C.

## Off base on the off-shore

Your story on the emigration of Newfoundland's energy sector, *Las Hurry (A Rushin' Spirit in a Creakin' Boat)*, Canada, Sept. 21, mentioned a number of

opportunities for the development of offshore oil and gas regulations as this was done when Brent Peckford was energy minister. You likened Peckford to Joey Smallwood in that they both had dictatorial qualities. But it was Barry who whined for considerable personal control of off-shore negotiations and Peckford who was creating as a team approach. And it is debatable whether Barry placed a respectable third at the 1979 P.C. leadership convention.

—BRENDAN J. JAMER  
St. John's

## Whetted appetite

Your recent interview with Gerardo (referred to as Roger) Wiener, President (Prodding) Grolman Winery, Q.A., Sept. 28) was almost an interesting and provocative as the accompanying photo. However, it only whetted my appetite. I would have savored more insights into the person and mental being, along with a more analytical approach to his nature and technical expertise.

—ANDREW CORREIA  
Ottawa

## A very tiny difference

Hadiel Yekman was a theoretical physicist and could not be said to have discovered a new particle (Disasters, Sept. 21). But he did predict, in advance of the discovery, the existence of the meson, not the electron. A meson is a particle of mass between that of an electron and the normal constituents of the atomic nucleus, the proton and neutron.

—ED WOOD  
Winning

## PASSAGES



**DISSENT** Donald Cobb, 51, from his position as RCMP chief superintendent, to take up the newly created post of director of the shared-language training program with the federal public service commission Cobb, who organized the Quebec anti-terrorist unit in the early 1980s, was the only officer charged in the 1972 burglary of the Agence de Press Libre du Québec. He received an unconditional discharge after pleading guilty.

**DEED** Boyd Neil, 70, retired dean of the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto and one of Canada's last-known sons of music, after a prolonged bout with cancer (Born in Blackheath, Kent, England, Neil founded the Boyd Neil Orchestra in 1955, championing the music of such British composers as Benjamin Britten and pioneering a revival of baroque music. Appointed to the To-

nato conservatory in 1955, Neil's 16-year tenure was a period of unattached growth in which he successfully fought for new facilities.

**DEED** Rosendo Betancourt, 70, twice president of Venezuela and a founding member of the Organisation of Petroleum Exporting Countries, at a New York City hospital following a stroke. Ruled after his civilian junta was overthrown in 1948, Betancourt returned to Venezuela in 1958 and became the country's first freely elected president.



**WON** These of the four titles at the St. Paul figure skating championships in London, England: B.J. Campbell, 14, women's singles; Larri Eaker, 16, and Brian Orser, 19 (men's singles). Orser stepped the crowd with the execution of his triple axel, the first ever performed in England.



**PURSUER** Gunter Gellmann, 36, the first German spy master who worked himself up to a West German intelligence post before being arrested in 1974.

**DEED** Hans Carlsson, issued the pardon as part of an elaborate East-West sitcom and prisoner swap. Gellmann, whose arrest brought down the government of West German Chancellor Willy Brandt, was admitted to a Bonn hospital last week suffering from an acute kidney problem.

**KILLED** Iran's acting chief of staff, Gen. Valiollah Falsafi, 58, Defence Minister Raza Naqini, 46, and former defence minister and top adviser Col. Javad Fajrouri, 67, in a plane crash 30 km from Tehran Air Base. The three veteran soldiers were returning from the Khuzestan front, where the Iranians are claiming to have broken as 10-month Iraqi siege of a baskin, the devastated oil-refining centre.



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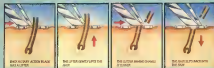
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## Dance to the music

What a shame that someone who doesn't know the definition of "folk" or "folk belief" takes it upon himself to write and complain not about what is shown, but what (in his misguided) should have been shown (*Presenters Under Glass*, Dance, Sept. 21). The Verjovka is a folk dance company, not a contemporary one. In this century there is no true "folk." Folk dance can only be represented as it was, with some contemporary techniques and adaptations. I also must say phrases as "empty-headed," "lumpy-legged" and "white drag" they indicate prejudice toward a nationality. And the review certainly indicates how little you know in the first place. —GENEVA TRAUT, Winnipeg



Verjovka dancers, bump-kicking, empty-headed, ethnic drag

Your *Presenters Under Glass* is right on target. Thank you for your insightful comments on the timing and content of the Verjovka troupe's tour of Canada.

—SALLY TETZAK,  
Brook Valley, Minn.

## A big molar to go?

It seems that dentistry is about to adopt the "Ronald McDonald" system for the future (*Department Show Dentistry, Cosmesis*, Sept. 16). Dentistry has tried to explain itself properly to most patients. How will patients ever learn with the we-do-it-all-for-you approach—no one does, not the other? Prevention, which is supposed to be every dentist's goal, will ultimately be forgotten.

—ELLEN BIRN,  
Port Huron, N. W. T.

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## The final word

You did well in presenting Eric Gowen's case (*Black to the Only Game in Town*, Canada, Sept. 21), but why wasn't a forensic doctor mentioned? The Forensic Services Act in Ontario is designed to ensure that individuals offering forensic advice, services or supplies have at least basic training for the understanding of grief, death, dying and funerals. The situation to Gowen's "plight" is straightforward: opinion within the law and several 21 months in a course to learn how individuals react to a death. And then there it matters out whether he offers cardboard boxes or mahogany caskets. He will soon realize that the funeral is not the casket, nor the casket the funeral.

—BRIAN McGAHEY,  
President,  
Ontario Funeral Service Association,  
Johannesburg, Ont.

## Humanity in the balance

Bruce Lee Bowley (*Accounting the Juvenile Arts*, Politics, Sept. 21) it is increasingly evident that the wrongdoers of this world are treated like patsies after the "sissy parade." No sexual persecution, no-godhood and their families have obviously never been mugged, robbed or raped. As for incarceration, certainly it costs—but do these bullies and wolves need conjugal visits, snacks as Sandys and fancy cell doors? Give justice back to us through the courts and our learned judges!

—BETH EDWARDS,  
Windsor, Ont.

## A lake in disguise

I was quite astonished to see Allan Fotheringham writing enthusiastically about wilderness and the possibilities for wilderness education in Canada (*Wilderness and Its Deities*, Culture,

Sept. 14). The problem is the attitude of our leaders to the wilderness itself. The beautiful lake Fotheringham mentioned is in fact a hydro reservoir which is being polluted by a copper mining operation, and also extensive clear-cut logging has been carried out on the park. The work of Jim and Myra Hocking is legendary, but this case on its own with Bill Bennett and Pierre Trudeau.

—JIM BONETTI,  
Chairman,  
The Sierra Club of Western Canada,  
Victoria

## Too early in the morning

Once again Maclean's has treated the Canadian public to its abnormal ignorance of anything that takes place outside a 50 km radius of Toronto, to paraphrase stating that "no other Canadian city (besides Toronto) can boast three morning dailies" (*Morning Afternoon Dailies*, News, Sept. 14). Montreal is 10th in a Canadian city and it actually has four morning dailies. *Le Presse*, *Le Devoir*, *Le Journal de Montreal* and *La Gazette*.

—DENNIS LORD,  
Montreal

## The teeth in the tune

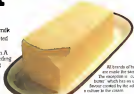
Maclean's readers who were waiting for Richard Attenborough's double-damn to fall after he fairly praised a new Soviet film were not disappointed (*Effeminate WWII Re-Enactors*, Culture, Sept. 14). Like most reactionaries, he never tires of wrangling that old saw socialism is against human nature and destroys initiative, whereas capitalism, however sick and irrational, complements it.

—W.J. COSENTALE,  
Calgary, Alta.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply name, address and telephone number. Most correspondence to Letters is by Editor. Maclean's response at 21 University Ave. Toronto Ont. M5R 1A1

# Butter is easy to make.

- Start with milk
- Separate the cream from the milk
- Churn to separate the butter from the buttermilk
- Add salt for flavour. (Salt, of course, in unsalted butter)
- Butter, an excellent dietary source of vitamin A, is naturally golden yellow. Yellows are not feeding on pasture but in western natural colouring may be added



All brands of butter are made the same way. The exception is cultured butter, which has a unique flavor created by the addition of a culture to the cream.

# Imitations aren't.

- Start with corn, soy, beans, sunflower seeds, vegetables. Most Canadian margarine are made from vegetable oils. However, it is also permeable and possible to make margarine from fish oils, from lard and from tallow
- Extract the oil from the vegetable or other base substance. Then bleach and deodorize the oil to remove its original odour and colour
- Hydrogenate or interesterize to solidify the oil
- Add an emulsifier to the oil
- Add vitamins A and D
- Add flavour and colour to imitate butter
- Add water, skim milk or whey solids and salt (There is, of course, no salt in unsalted margarine)
- Add a preservative which may be an antibacterial agent or an antioxidant



In the imitability of margarine, the base oil, the quantity of some ingredients—these the products used—any one from lard to lard and various ingredients may be required

## Naturally, the choice is up to you.

Nutrition Division, Dairy Bureau of Canada

# Victims of federal railroading

*'Central Canada uses its political clout to screw the Maritimes'*

By Harry Bruce

Since Central Canadians often wonder why Maritimers are forever bellyaching about the way Upper Canada uses the federal government to such their ends, I'll tell a little story to ease their minds. It's all about railroads. Maritimers love their trains, and need them. Maritimers have fewer automobiles per capita than other Canadians, and less money for airfare tickets. Moreover, some are so naïve they agree with New Brunswick Senator C.R. Steward that good rail service to the Maritimes is a "historical obligation of the government of Canada." Others are so sentimental they endorse the opinion of Frederictonian David Clark that such service is "one of the traditional ties which bind our country."

Okay. Let us go back five years to the establishment of Via Rail. We learned Maritimers suspected it was just a dirty Ottawa plot to shut down all but one Halifax-Montreal train, and to give decent rail service only to the greedy old commuter that links Windsor, Toronto, Montreal and Quebec City. No, no, said Otis Lemp. He was our ever-charming minister of transport in those days. No, no, you fellows have got it all wrong. Sure, Via's sleek new Light Rapid Comfortable (LRC) trains would indeed give the corridor super service, but they would also be part of a program to upgrade trains right across the country. The West would get them, too. Everyone would ride happily ever after. But just this past spring, we got the real poop at last. The LRCs would soon come on stream, and guess what. Yep. All 18 for the Quebec City-Windsor corridor. None for the Maritimes. That decision, in the development of Transport Canada, is part of the "verticalization" of Canada's national rail system.

Oh well, we thought, at least we still have our two trains to Montreal. One, the Ocean, goes from Halifax to Moncton, loops around northeastern New Brunswick, pokes up to St. Lawrence. The other, the Atlantic, also goes from Halifax to Montreal, but then it cuts over to Saint John, through a chunk of Maine, to Montreal. Of course, there aren't exactly two. Indeed, the rolling stock goes back to the era of "Usine Locomotive." St. Laurent, in the days of stunts. Like Maritimers, the coachmen read and whose their eternal grievances and a million times over, give the lie to the idea that the wheel that squeaks the loudest is the one that gets the grease. And the roadblocks. All by themselves, the railway roadblocks in the Maritimes justify the opinion of John Francis in *Quantique* against that "Canada's trains have become a domestic scandal and an international joke." Still we patronize them. We wait them.

That's why every Maritimer who cared about trains welcomed a decision by the Canadian Transport Commission

(CTC) in 1979. After more than a year of public hearings, the CTC, in its so-called "final plan" for eastern rail passenger service, finally favored keeping both Halifax-Montreal trains. Oh happy day. Someone up there understood. Couldn't we now quit worrying about the train-killers among the mandarins and bogymen of the ministry of transport? Not, as it turns out, on your life. Later another ever-charming transport minister, Jean-Luc Pepin, unlike Lemp, really can be charming when he tries. This time he didn't try.

Nearly two years after the CTC ruling, Pepin tells us not only that cabinet had ordered the devil, namely for the Atlantic (nearly the most successful long-haul passenger train in the Maritimes), but also that he wasn't even taken to appeal for mercy. Cabinet has ruled. Pepin has made up his mind. That's that. The Atlantic is only one of 15 routes

the government is scrapping in a program that will affect a full fifth of the national passenger, but this program is simply not open to debate. Cabinet used the good old smoke- or, if the pen- behind closed doors technique, and later Pepin invited reporters to his office specifically to explain that no amount of public outcry could possibly save any of the doomed trains. Great Stinking service is "re-evaluation." Telling the public to get stuffed must be "participatory democracy." Maritimers was at least able to make the trains run on time.

The Atlantic is not a ghost train that rattles through the night with empty coaches. Her occupancy rate is a whopping 80 per cent. Last spring, she was so jam-packed on the Halifax-Saint John run that Via Rail sold 4,343 standing-room-only seats. Moreover, the Transport Task Force on Rail Passenger Service—which, incidentally, listened to dozens of outraged delegates of the Atlantic and received petitions in her favor signed by thousands of Maritimers—recently heard evidence from John Little, Via's chief ticket officer in Saint John, that from July, 1980 to July, 1981 revenue at his office that up 22 per cent. The killing of the Atlantic, he said, was typical of the feds' attitude. "Forget the Maritimes. To hell with them."

"You often have the developed strengths of our region been stolen from us to appease some political obligations elsewhere," says Robert Corbett, MP for Fundy Royal. And that's the point. Leaving aside the whole argument that at a time of harrowing increases in fuel prices it is endemic to continue destroying the most energy-efficient means of mass transit, Maritimers see the cavalier killing of the Atlantic as a classic example of how Central Canada uses its political clout to screw the Maritimers. They're dead right.

Harry Bruce is a free-lance writer and contributing editor to *Atlantic Insight*.

# Pot luck in the high hills

*This fall's marijuana harvest could result in a cash crop worth up to \$1 billion*



Pot patrol (left) crop harvesting (right) and Deukmeyer (below) can't walk in the woods without being shot at

By William Scobie

In the remote hills and trackless valleys of northern California, it's time to bring in what they call here the "bushy harvest." The grass is as high as an elephant's eye in the shimmering morning heat. But the casual visitor rarely spots the tall, low-tooled plants tucked away in ramshackle, loosely-trapped and guarded plots. This fall it's a bumper crop, worth somewhere between \$500 million (\$18) and \$1 billion—probably the most valuable cash crop in the golden state, food bowl of America. And a lot of people—small-time grantees, the Mafia, police in helicopters, posers of sheriff's deputies, federal narcotics agents—want to search it away from the growers.

The crop is cannabis hemp, cannabis sativa—marijuana—and in the past three years it has transformed the social and economic life of a vast five-county area of northern California which stretches north from San Francisco to the Oregon border. It is, of course, illegal, but in this 16,000 square miles of rugged country, small holders field the risks well worth the annual tax-free income of \$300,000 and up that a diligent farmer can earn. Their great fear not the law, but marijuana buds, waiting to rip off the pot plants. "The vigilantes out there protect their crops like moonshiners did their stills during prohibition," says Sheriff Gene Cox, head of Humboldt County's pot force. "They're turning a general



Twenty-five into a 1980s version of Appalachia is the '90s."

America's appetite for marijuana appears insatiable. At least it seems a day go up in smoke, and consumers demand ever more potent strains of the drug. Former White House adviser and drug authority Dr. Peter Boreas estimates that the marijuana industry is among the top half-dozen money-makers in the nation, totaling around \$20 billion. Boreas, an advocate of analgesics, has been a vocal proponent of penalties for possession (but not of legislation), calls marijuana "the country's most difficult drug problem,

a politician's nightmare."

You begin to see what he means in the parlors of northern California, where named backwoods towns—Wilder, Garberville, Ukiah—where conservative old timers and sharp, young university-educated entrepreneurs have an uneasy alliance. They want the law and the police, buses in Sacramento, the state capital, to the rest of their business in this area, long-repressed by a timber industry slump, put in a godsend.

Marijuana is not merely a good cash crop. "It's not land values skyrocketing," says reporter Roy Johnson. "It's not my job to look to the Internal Revenue Service, to ask where their guys get their money. Hell, it would be discrimination if I refused to sell them land." So, in Garberville, there are more real estate offices than saloons on the main street. Local politicians quickly get the message. State Senator Barry Keene announced that he was pushing a bill to decriminalize cultivation. The physical ill effects of pot were not proven, he said, "and right now what I see is a multimillion-dollar business in the heart of my district." Some "very responsible members of the Chamber of Commerce" had asked him if it didn't make sense to decriminalize pot. Would it not "diversify the economy, broaden the tax base and create jobs in this high-unemployment area?" Mendocino County's agricultural commissioner, Ted Erikson Jr., recognized the industry's status by listing county production in his annual report

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last year at \$90 million. A higher authority ordered the entry deleted. Amiable, easy-going Rivkin, whose firm has lived here since the turn of the century, says "I guess it's not time to make money from mosquitoes, or other to advertise the fact. Back in prohibition days my daddy used to ship wine grapes out of the state in a box labelled 'GOD'S CHOICE'. It never runs into wine. I just don't see much difference in what's happening today. Put in this country's No. 1 agricultural product. This harvest, it'll bring in more than \$300 million. People who refuse to

recognize that are burying their heads in the sand." Next year at election year in California so ambitious state politicians don't quite see it Rivkin's son, Attorney-General George Deukmejian, running for governor, wants the commissioner fired and is taking court action to remove him.

Not many people in tiny Garberville (population 1,500) like to talk about their tap drop. Media attention means more attention from the law. "But you always know when the harvest's coming in," says one drinker in the town's old pub, The Brando Iron Saloon. "That's



Source, diversifying the economy

when the \$100 bills start flowing."

Thanks to the women in life of necessity actors, California's young marijuana millionaires have been able to develop a strain of the weed that outclasses Colombian, Mexican and even such specialists as Hawaii's famed Maui-worm in potency and popularity. California's only cult for both science and tender loving care. It involves force feeding with fertilizers, chemical and organic, and shows all "selective breeding"—the systematic removal of male plants from the neighborhood of the female. Exposed of male companionship, the unprotected buds of the female plant cause a dark resin that contains 20 to 12 times as much tetrahydrocannabinol (THC) as do other varieties. THC is the active agent that gives smokers their high.

The result is awe-inspiring—literally, "without words"—the most powerful strain of grass in the world, priced at \$1,500 to \$3,000 a pound, selling on the street for \$500 an ounce. Helping to force up the price is the action of Nixon's patented spraying program, upheld by the United States. Once it seemed that nearly every bag of "weed" sold was purportedly Mexico's Ampalco gold. Today, the great fields south of the U.S. border are devastated annually with pesticides, and Mexico's share of the U.S. marijuana market has fallen to an estimated 10 percent. Now some California legislators want to see parliament on the northern plant. "Why should the taxpayer pay for armies of drug enforcement agents to go in there and waste the staff when (jurisdiction) could do the job quickly and easily?" asks Los Angeles Police Chief Daryl Gates.

The answer is that growers, with heavy popular support, are taking an over-the-head-bodies stand against spraying (which kills forest undergrowth as well as pot plants). They helped push through a local ordinance that forbids

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Not secure: a hedge against inflation

aerial spraying, then landed frustrated police another setback when one county voted against accepting a federal grant to help pay for a "summers strike force" set up by California's attorney-general.

Many farmers try to avoid risks and cut costs by planting on other people's land. National parks—where vast forest stretches off the beaten track rarely see a tourist—and other federal properties are much favored. Says one Sanyo agent in Ukiah, the county seat, "We've found farms in a dozen national forests, at Big Bear, even on the Elmer-Lager Military Reservation (a huge military training ground)." Others simply grow it in their own backyard. A 55-year-old grandmother, Jane Schenck, recently acquired with a crop worth \$50,000, and she had grown her 40 plants as "a hedge against inflation." But she knows her plantation was so valuable, "Why honey, I'd have covered it up better!"

Violence among the illicit gardeners in the hills is becoming common place. At least three gardeners have been linked to the traffic—one of a grower gunned down by a teen-ager attempting to rip off a hidden plot. Farmers often sleep, spend, in their plantations at harvest time. Since set up booby traps—wires stretched across paths are a favorite—and electronic alarm systems "Big rewards mysteriously fall across roads," says Humboldt County District Attorney Dennis DePaul. "Small bridges have been blown up to keep police out. Violent crime is going up 100 per cent each year." And much violence simply goes unreported, police believe. The trouble-makers are hardened criminals who flock to the area at harvest time. "It used to be you could walk anywhere in these woods," says a justice department narcotics agent. "Now you can't do it without being shot at."

Two years ago Attorney-General

Deeken (then) launched an all-out war on the farms, leading his agents personally into the fray, followed by TV crews. Armed with helicopters and an array of electronic warfare gadgets the strike force seized and destroyed tonnes of weed worth millions of dollars.

But despite the high-tech agents they probably sense less than 10 per cent of what is grown in the area. They also blame the courts for being "soft" on growers, who rarely get anything worse than probation and a fine when caught.

This harvest season the main-war is

being waged, but almost certainly with as little success. For America wants its weed. And as course-millaire guru Stewart Brand puts it in his best-selling *Whole Earth Catalogue*: "Growing your own marijuana saves a lot of money. You get a better product than you can buy. There's no question of perjury (possessing). You're not entering the Mafia or a few families in Colombia. And it's a gorgeous plant. Tens of thousands of Americans have been introduced to the joys of gardening by first growing their own dope. Later they diversified into food." ♦



**Morgan White.**  
COOL, CLEAR, REFRESHING TASTE.



# The directorship of Duddy

No longer an angry young comedian, David Steinberg is making his debut as a film director

By Lawrence O'Toole

David Steinberg has desired only one object in his life, and, in a way, that object stood for all the things he ever wanted: a Ph.D. in English, student at the University of Chicago," he recalls. "It was winter and cold—the kind of cold that wraps itself around you and wretches you to the ground. I was walking across campus loaded down with eight books when I saw it, out of the snow, as if in an impressionistic movie, came this gorgeous, yellow four-plex-four Morgan. In it was a good-looking English teacher with a blonde shaven delight by his side. They sat kind of weirdly by me, and I thought, 'Something is wrong here. I'm walking in a blizzard with eight books and there's that Morgan passing by. I wanted that Morgan so badly.'"

He got what he wanted, as it turned he always has. He took his first paycheck from a show called *Monty Sore*, then took it around Los Angeles to show, if to nobody other than himself, that he had arrived. No longer the beleaguered, anxious artist, nor the pretentious Duddy Steinberg from Winnipeg's north end, he had become David Steinberg, a man of many guises, one of Chicago's *Sunday Cry*, then stand-up comic supreme who packed them in as the refuge of a crowd. His knack for affecting people's religious sensibilities helped to finance the careers of the outrageous television shows hosted by the Steinberg Brothers. Among them, he was the foremost political satirist during the Nixon administration; the man who compared Nixon's face to "a hot bud in need of a sock." For unrepentant behavior, he garnered that life in the land and his life threatened. Watergate took away the best punching bag; over his head, he went on to target and beating poets on *The Tonight Show*, playing Las Vegas, singing and, now, a first crack at directing with the just-released *Paterson*, starring his friend Barry Bishara.

With *Paterson*, a gentle and shy man resembles comely about a man's search for a surrogate mother to bear

his child, the fanged father has lost some of his bite. "I feel very energetic, but now that I've started to direct I'm interested to see how those energies work for me." At 41, he has mellowed. "Maybe I'm not interested in negating as much as I get older," he muses. "I hope that isn't a weakness, but it's who I am."

"I just think he's the best," says Barry O'Angelo, *Paterson*'s surrogate



**There is no question that a need for vindication is why I got anything done at all.**

mother. "He's defined himself. He knows who he is." Not only does he know who he is, he also knows why. "There is absolutely no question," he confesses, "that a need for vindication is why I got anything done at all. I was very popular in Winnipeg; at one point and then I wasn't. So I said to myself, 'I'll show them I am something.'" At the height of his comedy career he was persuaded to return to Winnipeg for a

concert, and managed to sell only 400 out of 2,000 seats. "They have this love-hate relationship with me. No, you can't go home again... especially to the north end of Winnipeg. It's exactly what I expected. Make me come home and leave me one show up." In retaliation Steinberg has referred to Winnipeg as "the Buffalo of Canada."

Pro-creation, the definitive, multi-talented Steinberg was once just plain Duddy. "Duddy got his start in my living room," says James Diamond, an old friend with whom Steinberg directed a Jewish day camp. "He'd come over and do his improvisations there. But we never predicted he'd go as far." When he was 16, Steinberg attended a yeshiva (Judaic school) with Diamond in Chicago. A when at Hebrew, Duddy nevertheless looked dinky for English 11, whereas Diamond went on to become a rabbi. Duddy had other plans, which is to say he had fantasies.

These fantasies took the form of his, more charitably known as fits. The joke among those who knew him was, "When will his nose grow longer?" "What got Duddy into trouble," says Diamond, "was that he became a real belittler, and that put a lot of people off. Though he mis-treated people and was really a warm person, he could be manipulative at times." Steinberg seemed happy on the surface, but he was, in fact, "a driven person, out to prove himself."

Today, Steinberg doesn't deny his fitting; he has even referred to his former self as a pathological liar. "I couldn't control it—I didn't want to." He would be about anything, in part to make conversation more interesting, but mostly to impress. Even the excitement of being sought out didn't stop him. "If I had met Monty Hall," he explains, "I'd say I met Barbara Streisand. If I met Brannan, then why not say I knew the Duke of Windsor?" He displays a wordless row of teeth with a grin.

"Fitting comes from an insecurity you don't believe in yourself," he says. Following the pattern, Duddy went to Israel for a year, an experience he re-

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# IMPERIAL LIFE

members as "elevating." But when he returned to Winnipeg, he became depressed and began drinking. "I had no idea who I was or where I was," he says, recalling what he terms the worst period in his life. He returned to school in Chicago, and then, at 22, he saw Lenny Bruce. "I could not believe what I saw. Except for a few Jewish people, including myself, everyone disliked him. I felt he was a combination of James Joyce, Edie Cooley, myself, yourself—I just couldn't believe it. I knew what I wanted to do." The following year Second City appeared on campus. Stein-

berg sneaked onto the ball to watch and within a year was with the company. Once he knew what he wanted to do, he discovered that his past was an asset, not a liability. "When you have been a liar and are converted you become an embarrassing truth teller. You proselytize the truth. I think that's where my irreverence came from. If you are irreverent you will say what no one else will say, and what you are saying then is usually the truth."

A rich source of material was his Jewish background. It surfaced in one of his best reviews, "Disgraced as a Nar-



Steinberg with wife, Judy, getting the Morgan and the shakes slight

real Person. "Taking the task that being Jewish was definitely not normal, he would come out on stage and kiss the cross—Steinberg—then offer suggestions as to how to improve this deficiency which, in addition to new nonconformity, also meant cutting off his nose. He embraced his Jewishness with the same gusto he reserved for the Nixon administration. 'I never saw him as a self-hating Jew,' says James Duvall.

What he did resent was Winnipeg, and all he felt it good for. "Winnipeg," says Steinberg, "measures people by how well they do in Winnipeg. I didn't go to the University of Manitoba, like my cousin Maurice did, so anything I accomplished outside it didn't really exist." Cousin Maurice became a psychiatrist. Is a famous overline, "The Psychiatrist," Steinberg played the doctor while a volunteer from the audience played patient. But it was the shrink who was the evening routine and went about the stage shouting "Booga-booga" as the poor patient.

As for Canada, says Steinberg with a macho Jewish glint in his eye, "I love to hear Canada Canada taken itself so seriously." The scene of Winnipeg are definitely healing. One—a long gash down the side of his chin—has already done just that. It was the result of falling on a ginger ale bottle when he was 6. "I used to fill up ginger ale bottles with dirt. This," he says, "was an example of how much there was to occupy your time in Winnipeg. After the tragedy had unfolded and I came rushing home to tell my mother, she hunted. Rather than take me to the Catholic hospital,

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As a stand-up comic, Weingarten took away the beef punching bag he had

three blacks away, my father [both parents were immigrant Russian Jews] chose to take me to the Jewish one, which was 23 strikes away. If he had just gone down to this little ghetto place down the street, you wouldn't have noticed this case. But for fear that the runs and the cracks were going to fix my life, I have this mark of Cain on my chin."

The victories of vindictizing himself (at behind him and a new career ahead, Rabinberg claims the kind of calm he's feeling is due, in large part, to his nine-year marriage to Judy Marciano. He got the Morgan and the shiksa delight. Just aside from the Morgan, he says he has never craved material possessions. "I don't have things I care about a great deal. I have them and would probably miss them if they were taken away, but they were never goals of mine." In fact, he has been broke several times during his ever-changing career and has been short of money very recently because of turning down more lucrative projects in order to direct. "I don't like that," he frowns, adding, "but I'm not afraid of it." His one indulgence in clothes, fancy suits and money casuals that he'd been his tasteful, Ben-Gurion, six-inch frame.

He lives in a smallish house (for California, that is), is well-liked and counts Johnny Carson and Bert Reynolds among his best friends. On the nightclub court he's regarded as a bit of a terror. "I'm surprised—I play a lot of sports. I'm not expected to be a jerk."

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With Earl Reynolds and Lauren Hutton during the shooting of *Paternity*

Call it his latest vindication.

Stinebaugh and his wife have no children and have never felt the need for them. Not even after directing a movie about a man who desperately wants a child? Well maybe...he wonders. "Now I'm starting to like the idea." Pause. "Yes, I want a little slave I want someone to whom I can say 'Go get me that or go get me that.' I want someone to do things for me. I want the child to be screwed up by virtue of how successful I am as a celebrity." It's the old Stinebaugh who used to hold scathing court in the university cafeteria. The old edge is back for a moment.

But it's probably just a reflex. The new David Stinebaugh wants to continue directing, but only comedies. ("You don't beat what you know"), and says, "As I give up the anger, I become more and more successful, on my own terms, in what I do. I'm curious about how much energy there is in me creatively without that anger." Even if the anger was still there, he wouldn't go back to stand-up comedy. "When you're a stand-up comic it helps to have a reason for being there on that stage. During the Nixon administration I had a reason. The country was very polarized and I had a lot to say about it. When I started to be just funny, I started to lose interest."

The times have changed and Stinebaugh with them. If *Paternity* is a suc-



**The country was polarized and I had a lot to say about it. When I started to be just funny, I lost interest.**

cess, the offers will pour in. Nevertheless, he continues to read voraciously for new material and for pure pleasure. ("I love gossip, I love trash. I'll read anything. Even Ploeg's Nazi-broccolini experiments. Anything.") And he still has the yellow Morgan. "I have one alcoholic nephew who wants the Morgan desperately, and I will not give it to him. Not because he's alcoholic but because one of the greatest pleasures I have is to hold on to that Morgan as a memento. It's a reminder of just how well Daddy did, and of how much further he may well go."



**The only thing Chivas has in common with other Scotch is the ice.**

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# Pursuing the profoundly superficial

At 30, New York humorist Fran Lebowitz (Metropolitan life and the recently released *Social Studies*, now on its fifth printing since publication) says *30* is one of the United States' most conservative and corbous social critics. Her major field of study: "the profoundly superficial" in North American culture. *He made his career by being a celebrity, Lebowitz drove an NYC cab, sold belts on the street and was a waitress. Although she would rather go to the dentist than write, Lebowitz promises a third book, "Unusual and more expensive than the last," Maclean's. New York humorist Fran Lebowitz interviewed her in New York.*

**Maclean's:** When did you first realize you were funny and could make money out of it?

**Lebowitz:** I don't know, when I was a young child people just seemed to be being funny, a pretty kid, which is never appreciated in a young child. This is why I failed a lot of things at school (including sports and gym). You don't get good marks in gym for walking confidently, remarks about the gym teacher, which was my favorite sport.

**Maclean's:** Were you teased out?

**Lebowitz:** I was expelled from a private school for something as nefarious as I can't even to this day, tell exactly why I wasn't kicked out of public school—only suspended four or five times for smoke (sig)—but it was strongly suggested that if I had any intention of continuing any sort of academic career that I renege myself to a smaller institution. In high

school the classes were like 30 or 35 kids, so it was easy to run to the bathroom and go to sleep. In private school there were 15 kids in a class, so it was immediately noticeable that I was napping quite a bit.

**Maclean's:** What did you do in the '60s?

**Lebowitz:** I was a teenager, a painful stage for me.

**Maclean's:** Why?

**Lebowitz:** I hated it because I couldn't stand being in high school. I think there are only two people in any given high school that like it. One is the captain of the football team and the other one is his girl-friend. I was neither one of these people. I was not a hippie. I took a lot of speed and I took a lot of cocaine.

**Maclean's:** Do you do any drugs now?

**Lebowitz:** No. The old Heroin is a drug I actually don't disagree if I was in, for myself I do because I like to keep my career, but for less ambitious people, I think that heroin is the most honest drug. It gets right to the point. What I object to is heroin is that it causes people to break into apartments. I think that an every corner they should give it out for free.

**Maclean's:** How long have you smoked?

**Lebowitz:** Since I was 12.

**"To get elected you have to be popular. Anyone who has that many people liking them is dull."**

**Maclean's:** Do you worry about your health?

**Lebowitz:** I always worry about my health. I imagine I get every possible disease. I was in Dallas two days ago making an appearance on a news show. Right before I went on, the newscaster reported an outbreak of Rocky Mountain spotted fever, which is extremely rare. It is caused by a tick that you get if you have a hunting dog or something, not a very likely thing for a writer from New York to acquire, but the second he told the viewers I had them.

**Maclean's:** How do people react to your book, *Social Studies*?

**Lebowitz:** Far more odd reason than so one can determine my book sold second best in Texas to New York. If a book becomes successful, in a way that book becomes a moral event, and that may be the reason. People may buy the book and not read it. I personally don't care if they read it or not once they buy it.

**Maclean's:** Will you make more on this book than you made on *Metropolitan Life*?

**Lebowitz:** It looks like I'll sell more books, and I'll make more money. I have no money left from my first book. I made a substantial amount of money but not what people imagine you make from a best seller. I didn't make anything approaching a million dollars.

**Maclean's:** Were you ever poor?

**Lebowitz:** I never made more than \$3,000 a year before *Metropolitan Life*. That's not exactly in line with what I never imagined that I wouldn't have

# THE SCHENLEY AWARDS

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- 1958 Willie Hudson Calgary
- 1959 Tom Wilson Edmonton
- 1960 George McGowan Edmonton
- 1961 Givney Hickey Hamilton
- 1962 Don Jankin Winnipeg
- 1963 Rex Lancaster Saskatchewan
- 1964 Russ Jackson Ottawa
- 1965 Bill Sweeney Toronto
- 1966 Peter Lake Calgary
- 1967 Russ Jackson Ottawa
- 1968 George Reed Saskatchewan
- 1969 Lowell Edwards Calgary
- 1970 Paul Johnson Ottawa
- 1971 George Dixon Montreal
- 1972 Benne Palmer Hamilton
- 1973 Jackie Parker Edmonton
- 1974 John Bright Edmonton
- 1975 Jackie Parker Edmonton
- 1976 Lester Parker Edmonton
- 1977 Pat Prueitt Montreal
- 1978 Pat Prueitt Montreal
- 1979 Billy Smith Montreal
- 1980 Billy Smith Montreal

## MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

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- 1954 Don Francis Edmonton
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- 1956 Tom Gilbert Ottawa
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food I have a great array of weather friends, really poor people only know other poor people. That's one of the things that makes them really poor in that they have no one to take them out to lunch. Really being poor is a tragedy, it was not that.

**Maclean's:** Do you think your humor is cruel?

**Lebowitz:** No. I think the word cruelty has to be associated with specific people. I don't think it's cruel to make general remarks. I do think I am negative, but I think all comedy is negative. I really get angry at people who think there is such a thing as living comedy.

**Maclean's:** You don't laugh at politics or serious social issues.

**Lebowitz:** Politics do not interest me because I don't feel them to be important to Canadians. The parties in democracy are always uninteresting. To get elected you have to be popular. Anyone who has that many people liking them in a day, so that's why politics don't interest me.

**Maclean's:** You prefer writing about superficial topics?

**Lebowitz:** I love it. I think, first of all, it's entertaining and second of all, it's really the most revealing thing about people. You could tell more from a pair of shoes lying on the floor than you can tell from nine hours of talking.

**Maclean's:** Why are you so intrigued by quality people?

**Lebowitz:** The middle class is not that hilarious to me. It's possibly because I am middle class and possibly because the middle class is on the whole dull and asinine. Neither thing is fifteen enough for me.

**Maclean's:** Could you write a column?

**Lebowitz:** No. I've been offered a newspaper column a number of times. I think it's impossible to be that good for long, and I am not interested in being bad.

**Maclean's:** What do you do when you are not writing?

**Lebowitz:** If I am not writing I am on a book tour.

**Maclean's:** Do you go to Canada?

**Lebowitz:** Only to Toronto. The first time I did a show in Toronto was the night of the basketball playoffs. Of course no one in New York would know this, but I got off the air and I found out that no one has been watching the show. I said, I cannot think of anything in the United States that is even equivalent to this. Would you put me on opposite the Andrew Awards?

**Maclean's:** Would you ever like to be the host of a talk show?

**Lebowitz:** I would like to be the host of a talk show if I didn't have to have guests. I would like to have my own talk show called *First* and I would be on there every night just talking. I wouldn't have any guests because I am not that interested in many people. I know they won't give me that job.

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## Flight from free enterprise

When the Alberta government purchased Canada's third-largest airline in 1974, it seemed to conservative critics that one of the last bastions of free enterprise had fallen. Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed, not a man known for his socialist leanings, had pulled off a speedy

and surprising detour from conservative orthodoxy following rumors that Pacific Western Airlines (PWA) was about to be purchased either by the British Columbia government or by private BC interests. The move sparked a furor—both in the federal government, which fought it unsuccessfully all

the way to the Supreme Court, and in Lougheed's own cabinet. But the premier argued that PWA was necessary to open up world markets for Alberta's products and, more importantly, to secure Alberta's position as gateway to the North, an area which, in 1974, glittered with the promise of Arctic gas development.

Those hopes still flicker. In the meantime, PWA has grown and prospered under public ownership. Since 1974, revenues have more than tripled to \$592.6 million and profits have jumped from \$1.3 million to \$12.2 million in 1980. And now, following its original plan, the Alberta government is talking about selling back to the private sector in a couple of years. Says Transportation Minister Henry Kroeger: "Free enterprise works better than government."

Yet, from the beginning, the government has kept its hands off the business. The one exception was a decision to transfer the head office to Calgary from Vancouver. Rhyr Eytan, 45, who took over as president in 1975, says he has met Kroeger once—at a reception. Eytan, an aggressive, energetic man, spearheaded a turnaround that swept the entire organization. Senior management was completely revamped, PWA's aircraft fleet was streamlined, trucking, helicopter and charter divisions were sold, and world charter operations, both passenger and freight, were cut back. In 1979, Eytan negotiated a merger with the financially troubled Transair Limited of Winnipeg. As a result, PWA extended its reach from Sundspit in the Queen Charlotte Islands off the West Coast to Toronto. One day, Eytan hopes to make it Canada's third national carrier. For now, PWA has rebounded as a \$60-million expansion program in the first half of the 1980s.

Though a healthy business, PWA has seldom proved to be an instrument of public policy. The outbreak of freight operations curtailed its role in opening up world markets. And the scuttling of the Blackstone Valley pipeline dampened immediate prospects for northern growth, though PWA is well-positioned for the future.

Nonetheless, the province is convinced it made the right decision in 1974. "If PWA had been owned any other way, we don't know what the result on Alberta might have been," says Kroeger vaguely. The province has no firm plan regarding the sale, except to ensure that PWA will continue to serve Alberta's interests, says Kroeger. "We might consider a deal where it could be owned by the people of Alberta as shareholders." Considering the haste with which the government got into business, it is obviously taking its time getting out. —GORDON LOGG



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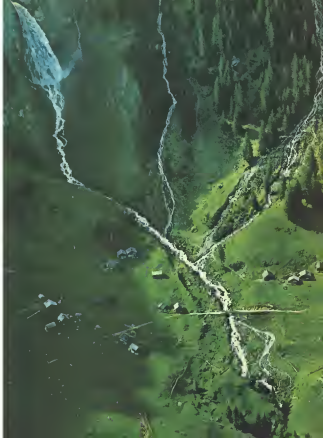
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## CITY SCENE

### Mounting an artistic offensive



Glaz bringing art into the community

By Mark Clearacki

Art, like water, seeps into the strangest places. Corporate boardrooms, boardings, the exposed walls of condemned houses—all have been breached in recent decades by entrepreneurial artists eager to expand their markets. However, a stronghold against the vagaries of revenue art has been the shopping centres, bastions of mid-life empire and dry-eyed gazers on brick veneer. Not so College Park (formerly Estate's College Street) store, whose renovations (designed to set aside space among their opulent interior design, marble and brass, hangings for an innovative art gallery. The location was leased and chosen by Artistic Space for the Centre for Contemporary Art (CCA), which last week celebrated its 10th anniversary with an exhibit from its permanent collection.

Artistic Space is the latest in the CCA's ongoing exploration of what an art gallery is and ought to be. Under its founder and director, Karmar Glaz (himself an artist), the nonprofit CCA pioneered the concept of the community art collection in Toronto. Drawing against centralized art institutions, which either attract visitors or temporarily loan collections, Glaz wanted to "bring art into the community on a permanent basis—instead of changing the shows you change the people." Ten

years and several government-sponsored projects later, part of the CCA's permanent collection of paintings and print portfolios—series of prints intended to be "read" like a book—is now located in four public schools and St. Joseph Health Centre as well as in 25 public libraries across Ontario.

Other Toronto artists-in-residence have followed similar paths, notably Florio Bell, who last year opened his own gallery after curating as a nonprofit here in public locations ranging from the O'Keefe Centre to the luxury used-car showrooms of Lexus Motor Car Inc. "I don't agree with being supported by grants for 30 years," he comments. "We should get out there, get real about it and make way for younger artists." Bell also feels there is inherent consumer resistance to purchasing art on public display. "To most people, art—even as a gallery—in a store," he says. "When they see it in a public space, they just think of it as a decoration, not for sale." Although his main purpose was to draw attention to the work of deserving artists, in four years of exhibiting in the lobby and display cases of *Compassionate* only five

pieces were sold. However, the exhibit may be learning—on Bell's exhibit last year at The Parrot restaurant was a rare sell-off and plans are afoot for more of the same.

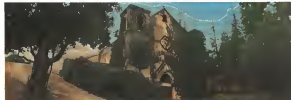
In this private gallery, Bell will continue to display the artists he likes best in a more traditional context where the competition for the dollar of the private collector can be fierce. Says Penny Gale, director of *A Space Gallery*: "There's not much private purchasing in Canada—after the museum, the Art Bank and the bookstores, collectors are way down the list." The CCA's new venture also appears risky, but particularly since many galleries in Toronto have retained their patrons by adhering to identifiable styles or schools rather than confronting learned Saturday afternoon shoppers with a markedly nonconformist artistic menu à la Artistic Space. The past year in the anniversary exhibit include mural (Gisela Evans) to abstract expressionist (Harold Klundt) to the subtle allegory of the late William Kurelek, a representative sample of the many styles Toronto artists have explored in the past decade.

But rather than being either thoroughly eclectic or confined to any one of these approaches, Glaz would like the exhibit as Artistic Space is to focus on the particular themes of space, one of his own concerns. "Space is itself his value as an artist," he says. "It's important to avoid narrative and not bring representational elements into a space." The gallery is now slowly added to these purposes. Bookended by two-day

market-based artists, it provides ample room for the space-themed exhibits, which so far have included Zephaniah Blane's programmable light sculptures and some of Glaz's own meditations on space and time.

The concept of a thematic gallery is typical of Glaz, who enjoys revelling around in the basic provision of art. Although he would prefer to be free of government funding (about half of the centre's budget of \$45,000 comes from grants), by keeping its nonprofit status the gallery allows this kind of exploration. The CCA can also retain the educational role it has played since its inception: part of the CCA's first community art project in 1972 was to have the artists work with students in schools.

Glaz hopes that Artistic Space will be a learning place where the general public or any interested organization can meet the artist and talk, not just view art objects for sale. A bonus will be the temporary collection of the McMichael Canadian Collection in adjacent quarters, not only should Artistic Space benefit from the increased traffic, but Glaz welcomes the chance to have visitors compare the CCA's work with an established institution. "It's a step, and we'll see whether casual shoppers can be converted into finding art collectors as just two of many questions Artistic Space has set out to answer. ☐



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COVER

# Bora Laskin's fateful legacy



By John Hogg

In the wake of the Supreme Court of Canada's landmark judgment last week, a visiting group of British MPs stopped Bora Laskin and asked him whether Pierre Trudeau would relax his constitutional position. "Not him," said the premier, "I've known him for many years. He's this 'Hardheaded' as we call him." Political antagonists for decades, Trudeau and Laskin understood each other with the hostile intimacy of a feuding family. Once again, Laskin seemed to read the game master right, though deflected perhaps a degree or two from his constitutional course, Trudeau has not been diverted from his goal. And the Supreme Court, far from possibly ending the nation's future, has rendered a judgment that means all sides in the conflict.

Through a television hookup that somehow transmitted the inaccuracy grey light of the Kavanas case, Trudeau expressed his intentions to the nation: "I am in alternative but to prove it. But I want you that we will do so prudently." In the days that followed, federal strategists began plotting the transformation of Trudeau's decision into action. With trans Pacific phone calls that started with a chat between Trudeau and Justice Minister Jean Chrétien minutes after the judgment, the surface of

the federal plans started to emerge. On the one hand, Chrétien would make it clear that the government is ready and still eager to bring its resolution back to the Commons and Senate for a final two-day debate in each chamber. Then Ottawa will send it on to Westminster where the British Parliament will be expected to do its duty. On the other hand, the feds would profess to be open to any offer the premiers might make for a

measure to the constitutional bargaining table. At week's end, Chrétien was pushing the eight provinces opposing the Trudeau package (all but Ontario and New Brunswick) to hurry along with their next move. "It's a question of days and not months," he declared. Meanwhile, in Melbourne, Trudeau said he was willing to stop in Vancouver his work on his way back to Ottawa, offering to meet Premier Bill Bennett in his capacity as this year's chairman of the premiers' conference. But Bennett pleaded a prior engagement with Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed and Trudeau ended his week by declaring that he would seek final approval for his dreams as soon as Parliament resumes Oct. 14. "There is no need to wait a second longer." He qualified the statement slightly, a few hours later by saying he would delay the debate "a few days"—but only if the provinces could come up with concrete proposals to improve the package.

For his part, Bennett set himself a tall order in trying to draw a unified proposal out of eight pro-

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vincial governments with divergent constitutional palates. Macdonald, for example, is still against a charter of rights. Since Bennett didn't make it any easier for himself by springing his cross-country tour as a group of provincial ministers just as they were meeting in Ottawa ostensibly to agree on joint strategy after the recent judgment. With Bennett still darting about the country in his highly black and white B.C. government jet, the ministers seem to be no more men who do anything—he had to read.

Their clashes were there—as well as the federal officials watching Bennett's efforts to build a new provincial coalition. It is more than a year of concentrated negotiations, the eight anti-Trudeau premiers have been able to agree on only one constitutional proposal they could submit to the prime minister—a plan to partition the British North American Confederation into three provinces that would permit provinces to opt out of future changes and without a charter of rights. Christine quickly rejected that plan when the premier admitted it.

After April, he called it "a kind of sovereignty association by mutualism." It is to more likely to accept the same formula if the premiers allow it again. Equally adamant was Lévesque, who noted out from negotiations with Trudeau. "Clearly recognizes his unilateral action and modifies key elements in the charter of rights." It is a condition that Ottawa has no intention of accepting.

Nonetheless, it was notable that Ottawa and the provinces were still on speaking terms. Saskatchewan Attorney-General Roy Romanow, legal negotiator for the provinces during the past 18 months of constitutional bargaining, had drinks at Christine's house.

Before the verdict of the judgment—Christine claiming the battle of words he had staged on the question of the court case. Romanow believes the judges may have planted the seed of a political settlement. By allowing that provincial consent to constitutional amendments might be satisfied by something short of unanimity, the court may have cleared the way for Ottawa and just some of the provinces to agree on a constitutional compromise that Christine a week or two then took up the issue with his fellow intergovernmental affairs ministers. After a "confidential" meeting, they agreed to meet once in two or three weeks.

Even before Bennett could declare that enough provincial consensus had been established for a meeting with Trudeau, federal officials were calculating that a first, massive meeting might arrive after their own ministers' will. All the rest of delaying the final parliamentary debate a couple of weeks, such a meeting would potentially, put most of Bill Roadhead's New Democrats back inside Broadbent's recalled his divided caucus last week by making one more first ministers' conference a preoccupation of NDP support in the Commons. "There's also the entire question of the right to life—that one or more of the eight ought to be judged by some small group into the federal camp. Defeating premiers appear, the renewed adherence of the NDP in the Commons would give the Gratz some Western support that the resolution

otherwise lacks—and a gain of badly needed legitimacy.

Better regional backing would certainly mollify Westminster, where back-bench members are seen again being heard against Ottawa's designs. Jonathan—son of four British Tories in Canada on a jacket paid by the Lawrence government—put the odds at 60 to 40 against federal success at Westminster in the bill's present form. But Arthur is one of a relatively small group of back-bench activists on this issue, even provincial sports groups, who have been lobbying in London for months, have never claimed that more than a minority of MPs would vote against the Canada Act.

The provinces agree that the British will be represented by the Supreme Court finding that it is "unconstitutional in the conventional sense" to press the resolution on Britain without provincial consent. Because the British constitution could not be written as an amendment and statute, so, governing constitutional document—they argue that British politicians will be loath to violate a convention authorized by the Canadian court. Federal officials counter that the British will not balk at overturning convention, since that is precisely the way their own constitution developed. Before approaching Britain's Margaret Thatcher at the Commonwealth meeting in Melbourne, Trudeau took the simplest tack: "I would expect her to pass it," he declared.

Until Ottawa and the provinces decide whether to be friends, the lobbying by both sides in London has subsided—but not to everyone's liking. "That's a pity," sighed after Anthony Kennedy, the much-lauded chairman of the Commons Foreign Affairs committee. Meanwhile, Christine did nothing to carry British fear, changing, "If they want to block our project and get involved like some kind of referee, as they are doing in Northern Ireland, that is their affair." That sort of provocation will not amuse Humphrey Adams, the Lord Privy Seal and minister in charge of the Canadian leg. His last job was minister in Northern Ireland, where he has to face down the longer strikes.

The provincial governments now assume that they will have to carry the fight to London. And one angle of attack being studied by lawyers for the provinces is a legal maneuver suggested by J.V. Cline, a retired justice of the Supreme Court of British Columbia. An outcast supporter of Trudeau's choice, Cline thinks it would be possible to seek an interpretation of the 1825 Statute of Westminster from the court of chancery in London. Such a move would aim, in effect, for an opinion on whether Westminster may make major changes to the constitution of another sovereign state. It is a move that throws no fear into the hearts of federal lawyers but has piqued the curiosity of provincial attorneys-general. The plan was weak in the Cline scheme is that while the 1825 statute left Canada sovereign for all practical purposes, it expressly made one exception: Amendment of the 1825 Act was left to the British Parliament and

that raises exactly the issue the Supreme Court of Canada took nearly five months to decide. How should Canada act Britain for the far-reaching changes proposed by the Canada Act?

The answer, after the long summer's wait, were almost invariable in the widest-lined chamber of the court itself or by the law industry brasserie. No, even to lawyers who have been in the constitutional case for years, were they automatically comprehensible.

The unanimous answer to Question One was simple enough: yes, the resolution would affect provincial powers. The first candidate that in the hearings had sprung Question Two was harder in three: a convention that provinces must consent to amendments rejected by Parliament which affect provincial powers? A majority of seven justices ruled that there is such a convention that is part of the constitution, but that it is not law and not enforceable by the courts. Three of the brothers—Chief Justice Brian Laskin, Wilfred Kitchin and William McIntyre—dissented, arguing that there

is no such convention. The feds had lost but not Question Two. Three came the key Question Three: "Is the agreement of the provinces of Canada constitutionally required" for amendments affecting their powers? An Laskin intoned the answer, a wicked smile fell over the group gathered in Christine's justice department office a few metres from the court. For the Trudeau team to survive, this answer must be no. But even with the bad TV sound, Laskin's voice was clear enough: "as a matter of constitutional convention, yes." Several seconds passed before the Christian group heard the second half of the answer: "as a matter of law, no." The reaction by then was not so much joy as a relieved sweat.

Raising 168 pages in the English version, the judgment is both alone in a tract for politicians, lawyers and scholars. Its complexities will furnish longwinded arguments for years to come. But the legal grapevine quickly ripened with gossip about who actually won the historic judgments since, as sometimes happens, the justices did not sign their own conclusions. Laskin's scholarly but elliptical style is inimitable.

## Far away but plugged right in

Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau was sitting down when he heard the Supreme Court decision. In fact, he was on the floor of a hotel room in Seoul, on a pillow in a room furnished Korean-style. He had come down the hall shortly before 11:30 p.m. to join cabinet secretary Michael Pitfield in the room of the prime minister's executive assistant, Ted Johnson. There the three men were used by transatlantic telephone onto a live feed of Chief Justice Brian Laskin reading the federal judgment. In the end, however, Trudeau did not hear a word because of the family connection in Ottawa, and the line closed only as CBC TV correspondent Michael Duffy moved up the verdict. Then, Trudeau got the phone in Jean Chrétien and told his justice minister to thank them.

Shortly after midnight, Seoul time, Trudeau went to sleep—in a cushioned mat as the floor. Thirty minutes from the same Laskin reading his judgment, the first pages of the decision started arriving at the Canadian Embassy in Seoul by telex-carrier by 6:30 a.m. Tuesday, when Laskin woke the prime minister, some 160 pages (all three minutes a page) had been transmitted. The hole included the text of Laskin's majority opinion on the legality of unilateral action, the dissent of Justice Ronald Marshall and Brian Dickson, a summary by Justice Lafontaine and a crucial series of appendices and press reaction.

Trudeau read the documents for an hour, then headed for South Korea's Kibin hotel where, in a room reserved for diplomats, he spoke to Canadians by live satellite. His aides had prepared a "yes" and a "no" statement. In all, 16 people in Trudeau's entourage in Seoul worked through the night to get their



Trudeau in Seoul. He slept on the floor.

man ready Pitfield contacted Michael Kirby, secretary to cabinet for federal-provincial affairs, and press secretary Pat Gieson by telephone in Ottawa. At the Canadian Embassy in Seoul, four staffers waited the machines while two Canadian drivers—foreigners—are the only ones allowed on the streets during the midnight-to-four curfew—risked relaying copies of the incoming documents to Trudeau's hotel.

By the time the prime minister reached Melbourne Wednesday morning, after sleeping most of the way on the 16-hour flight, a complete set of the various judgments was on hand for his personal. On Thursday a Trudeau adviser, reporting that his name had been used, stressed that the sprawling media

center at the Commonwealth Conference to brief reporters on the prime minister's reaction to statements by Quebec Premier René Lévesque and NDP leader Ed Broadbent. The next day, Trudeau—still on top of the case closest to his heart, through these times and South Pacific night—held his second news conference of the week. His mood was cheery and determined as when he posed before an ancient Buddhist temple during a tour of the South Korean countryside and proclaimed that there is "a whole dynasty ahead of me."

"The PM also slept through a re-buffing sleep when he arrived in Seoul. He had no idea that there was no need for an official welcome, the governor and the American base commander turned out at 2 a.m. local time."

in part of the 112 majority members on Question Three and paragraphs of the three-member dissent on Question Two. Social Media went on to review what he reached. To start February, was thought to have led the writing for the majority on Question Two, leading against Trudeau on the consensus issue. Martin and Justice Roland Bille, the Dartmouth appointee who took Laskin on the bench and once fired the two elderly but still dogmatic snapping turtles, were the dissenters on Question Three. By parsing the Trudeau resolution, their dissent declares, the Commons and Senate "are purporting to exercise a power which they do not possess." The government's course "would offend against the basic principle of the division of powers."

What forced the judgment into a political weapon in the hands of both Commons and the province was the mandatory consultation of the two majority decisions, affirming the convention that provinces must be consulted before an amendment affecting their powers is sent to London, but denying that there is no legal way to stop Ottawa's actions. "The agreement of the province of Canada, is constitutionally required," the court says on Question Two. But on Question Three "The law leaves nothing of any requirement of provincial consent, either to a resolution of the federal House or as a condition of the exercise of the United Kingdom legislative power."

Nor were any arguments settled on the narrower issue of conventions. While the majority asserted that there is a convention, it admitted not being able to say how many provinces must consent under that convention. To the London law dissenters, the very fact that federal and provincial governments have never been able to agree on what the convention is constitutes persuasive evidence that there is no such thing.

The long-running controversy "only adds additional weight to the contention that no convention of provincial consent has achieved constitutional recognition to this day," says the dissenting opinion. To the layman who might ask whether a simple review of the history of amendments would reveal whether provinces consented, the answer is no. Examining 22 cases of constitutional amendments since Confederation, six judges thought they found a convention of consent and three did not.

All of which left the politicians in a turmoil. Trudeau and Chretien seemed vindicated; their resolution was on sound legal footing and it was now time to change a convention that had, for half a century, blocked the patriation of the constitution. The provinces, although failing to convince the court that the convention existed, six judges thought they found a claim of moral victory in the court's ruling that the resolution is unconstitutional by way of breaching convention. It was, none said (though fewer were sure), enough to force Trudeau back to the bargaining table. In that they were ap-

parented enthusiastically by Tony Martin for Clark, whose party's filibuster had forced the government to go off to a final Commons vote last April, pushing the court's decision. At Trudeau's news press on, "we will oppose him absolutely," and Clark, adding that Liberal reliance on the court's legitimacy ruling amounted to "legal trickery." Having already agreed to the Commons order limiting the next phase of debate to two days and excluding all amendments, the Tories are looking at terms that might still stall a final vote. The Clark people believe they're riding a wave of momentum and can appeal to Quebec. Says Clark's policy adviser Richard Chippindale, "We're on the right side instinctively of a Quebec case for the first time since 1961. By the night, I don't mean separation but the sense of not being pushed around by Ottawa." The Conservatives are also in error, however, that the charter of rights resolves party and for once, they must take care to oppose the process, not the content, of Trudeau's constitution making.

As BC's Bennett intentionally proved, politicians will have as much time for their jargon dealing with these issues. Trying to bolster the natural provincial argument that consensus are often far more compelling rules than laws, the premier made doubly pointed three had examples he cited the rule that legislators must face election at least every five years, which, in fact, is entrenched in the BNA Act and is not a convention; the rule that the members of an election form the government, which was breached, famously, by the Mulroney King Liberals after they lost the 1985 elections; and the rule that governments emerge who best on a money bill in the Commons, which means in kind out of scope and was violated by the Liberals in 1988. Bennett's examples tend to prove that conventions are customarily broken and that violators can be punished at the polls, not in court.

The revenge of the ballot has a more recent story may have in mind if they find that their federal tax dollars are being spent against their provincial tax dollars to finance counter advertising campaigns. The feds have already launched a million-dollar war of ads and counter-ads in Quebec to counter a Parti Quebecois pitch that they will do the same in any other province that starts an *independent* publicity campaign. (Ottawa is preparing a second-stage commercial bid, described as more of an information campaign, for national use after the resolution reaches Parliament. One treatment ruled out by Chretien and most of the premiers is a referendum. "People are fed up with hearing about the constitution," said Chretien. "If they don't approve of our present, all they have to do is defeat us in the next election."

With John Goss, Andrew, John Morris, Colin Brown, Peter Clark, Greg Gault, Don Baker, Malcolm Gray, Kenneth Joyce, Gordon Logan, Robert Lowe and Kenneth Wells.

## Levesque and Ryan: partners in outrage

Martin's after the national assembly had overwhelmingly condemned Ottawa's constitutional scheme, Liberal René Lévesque and his fellow anglophone and cousin colleague Richard Ryan, who had been a body and gave him a not-so-friendly shove against the wall. French, the member for Westmount, had abandoned his commitment to vote against the Trudeau plan and, with eight other Liberals representing mostly non-francophone areas, broke with his party and the leader, Claude Ryan. Ryan's 111 to 9 vote cuffed on Trudeau to scrap his plan was necessarily eloquent evidence that the prime minister's constitutionally dubious initiative, package has revived nationalist sentiment among French-speaking Quebecers in a way Premier René Lévesque could never have done himself.

The provincial government promptly denied that the vote obviated the need for a Quebec referendum in the name. At the same time, the assembly's dissent vote underscored the absence of non-francophones from the Quebec majority. Central to Quebec's objections to what Lévesque describes as Trudeau's "constitutional coup d'état" is the proposed charter of rights. The charter would restrict provincial powers—particularly with regard to language—by imposing on all the provinces the duty to guarantee French as French minorities within their own languages. Though its effect would be limited—it would open English schools to Canadian citizens from other provinces, but not to immigrants or French-speaking Canadians—Quebec's nationalists see the charter as the last plank in a disintegrating raft.

Some English-speaking Liberals, however, did transgress their ethnic identity, and their constituents ought to vote for the majority, which had been drafted jointly by Lévesque and Ryan. Clark among them was Brown. He had argued that Trudeau's constitutional changes would unify francophones and guarantee 15 more years of power to the Parti Québécois. Brown says, "If the project Mr. Trudeau's got through, it's going to be bad for English Quebecers, it's going to be bad for Canada and if we vote against the motion it's going to be very bad for the provincial Liberal party, and the possibility that we might suddenly get into power and straight away use some of the things we don't like."

At it was, with a fifth of his caucus

noting about his leadership, the vote was bad enough for Ryan's Liberals and has even authorized. In Montreal, Trudeau declared that Ryan had abandoned his position of leader of the Opposition in constitutional matters by joining with Lévesque. In the wake of his party's cultural cleavage, Ryan ordered an internal investigation of evidence that Trudeau's federal Liberal machine had nurtured dysfunction in the provincial sphere with an orchestrated telephone and telegram campaign. His own office, and Ryan, was deluged with 30 anonymous, pro-Trudeau letters. "If they come between 11 and 11:30 on 13 days, I will teach them all," said the Opposition leader.

## MINUTE OTTAWA!



PO Decree: I can't put my finger on it

Throughout the national assembly travels, federal Liberals from Quebec were meeting at the resort of Mont Orléon from where they staged rallies at Ryan. Another Minister Jean Chretien seemed to be in the mood for a public, Ryan had endorsed the rig in 1976 and

"The resolution," The Supreme Court of Canada, having decided that the federal proposal respecting the constitution of Canada does not require the approval of the national assembly of Quebec and that unilateral action by the federal government, although legal, is unconstitutional. It is up to the provinces that the assembly demands that the federal government renounce its unilateral course of action, up to and to the point that it could require its rights and affect its powers without its consent, and reports the federal and provincial governments to respect its obligations immediately with full respect for the principles and conventions that must apply to the relationship of the Canadian federal system."

that his support of Lévesque now showed that he was "sorry." And this week, Ottawa is spending \$1 million as a wholehearted welcome to the anglophone and francophone political leaders to Quebecers in an effort to counteract the impact of the national assembly resolution.

Ryan blamed anglophone differences at the time of sitting with the government on a legacy of the 1960s and 1970s left by five years of federal administration that explained that not quite half anglophone and francophone community to the Liberals' 1974 BNA 25th anniversary was even more aggressive. For the first time, the Liberals have no choice but to increase their share of the francophone vote to retain power. The party's traditional anglophone support is increasingly ghettoized in the western half of the island of Montreal where its overwhelming majority are francophone. As a result, Ryan last week estimated what he calls the Liberal's "own ascent," which emphasizes its primary commitment to French Quebec. In his chair, that requirement with the majority meant anglophone from the province's 20-year-old non-francophone population. Much of the problems now in beyond Ryan's control. This is largely because any federal party hoping to win in Quebec and English-speaking Quebecers must explicitly recognize the primacy of French Quebec's autonomy if it is to succeed as a political force. Anglophones and anglophone ethnic groups, however, have demonstrated little development in that direction in the past 20 years. This has meant increased internal discussion among the Liberals and growing political

importance for non-francophones. Says Brown, "There has been an evolution, but I can't put my finger on it." Ryan, who a week earlier had been "satisfied enough for Canada," complained again of pain after the angle and ethnic defections. "I think I was responsible more than any other leader for the emergence of a new class of genuine representatives from those communities and I suffer all the more deeply today in the face of what happened," he said. Over lunch in the caucus dining room immediately after the vote, Ryan added that the same dissenters he had to get up to the point of disaffection. Later, he appeared to be more conciliatory and said that, while expulsion remained possible, their chastisement would be decided with humanity. It was certain, however, that Ryan said on the Liberals' two face view, more anglophone than they read to constitutional change.

—DAVID THOMAS





# Bird in a gilded cage



Butler and Vogel, concealed microphones, phony scripts and antiskate tennis

By Mackenzie Gray

A 14-minute broadcast by CBC TV last year may have cost \$200,000 tucked on to its production costs if libel lawyer Peter Butler gets his way. That is the amount that Butler is seeking for his client, British Columbia Deputy Attorney-General Richard Vogel, who was alleged to have interfered in three cases to help friends or associates. The three-week-long libel trial that ended last week in the B.C. Supreme Court was the longest in the province's history, and an award above \$150,000 would set a new record for libel damages in British Columbia. During the trial, the CBC acknowledged that it could not prove its contention that Vogel had interfered in the case of Mickey Morton, a Kootenay lawyer who pleaded guilty to a charge of impaired driving and was given an absolute discharge. Thundered Butler in his summation: "The only issue in this case is how much."

At times it seemed that Butler himself was acting on Courtroom 35's 26-inch edge TV, a set used by Justice William Estey to watch clips of reporter Chris Bird's remarks about Vogel. Yawning, Butler declared that Bird had staged an interview with his main source, Brent Donald, so that the former chief prosecutor in Vancouver would not be suspected of being the "deep throat" providing information on Vogel. Bird had used concealed micro-



Bird turning noise was going too far

phones and phony scripts to bluff people into talking, Butler charged. These are techniques that sometimes have to be used by serious investigative reporters—"askable ferrets," Butler called them—but he added that Bird had gone too far when, realizing that Vogel was about to sue, he turned his notes. It was unethical, dishonest and reprehensible, he said, and Bird's conduct besmirched the reputation of all decent, hard-working reporters. "He is a diagram to the journalism profession," he said as Bird, a 44-year-old British emigrant who has been with the CBC for three years, sat alone in the gallery, looking on.

Besides the Morton case, Bird reported

that Vogel had told police he would mock any attempt to call former B.C. chief justice John Farris as a witness in the trial of prostitute Wendy King. The broadcast, aired locally on March 6, 1990 and repeated in part one day later on *The Noonan*, also accused Vogel of interfering in the drinking-driving case of Andrew Rigg, the son of a man described as his friend. Doug Whitworth, who appeared for the CBC, argued that the allegations had been proven in the Rigg and Farris cases, thus forming a credible basis for his comment. Bird honestly believed that Vogel had interfered in the cases mentioned, Whitworth said, and his opinion—formed without malice—formed a valid defence to the libel charge.

The trial closed with an odd twist: Butler tried to get one of the defendants, anchorman Bill Good, dragged from the case, but the defence lawyer actually asked that the libel charge not be dismissed. "He's guilty of little more than the ineffectuality of a greenhouse waffle," Butler said, referring to Good's role of reading the introduction to Bird's story. Whitworth has good reasons for wanting the case: he mentioned an English precedent has established that punitive damages be assessed on the chance of responsibility borne by the least-involved defendant.

Butler is getting used to using himself at the centre of highly publicized trials. Earlier this year, another of his clients, Premier Bill Bennett, won \$100,000 in damages from Opposition member David Sturpel, who had alleged that Bennett had been drunk in public. He also obtained an apology from Wendy King for her allegation that former B.C. Supreme Court judge Denis Wattas had been one of her customers. At times, though, in the CBC trial, Butler's flamboyance was too much for the judge. After Butler had suggested that CBC regional director Len Laak was incompetent, Judge Foss admonished him, saying that the fate Butler was suggesting for Laak (immigration) had nothing to do with the case.

At the same time, Whitworth contended Butler's demand that libel awards be substantially increased. He warned that a heavy financial penalty would profoundly affect news coverage, the concept of free speech and free criticism in Canada. Only large, rich corporations would dare sue libel suits in future, he said. Judge Koon had that to think about, as well as the amount of damages and the issue of whether Good should continue as a defendant. His decision is expected in four to eight weeks, but the case has had one effect: as a news organization already at the CBC, even Laak, news stories now "are being checked more closely." ☐

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## The politics of tortured words in a 'Disneyland of the soul'

**T**he setting may have been a flurry from the ruins of Montparnasse, but the talk was no less acerbic. In the dimly lit, ornate, and somewhat dilapidated building, major and not-so-major literary figures met in Toronto last week for endless hours of soul searching at a conference called *The Writer and Human Rights: The*

session from Czechoslovakia to Chile, have all been imprisoned for writing things their governments did not like. Their brief biographies are a chilling testimony to the sorry state of human rights in a world where some 60 countries are routinely practicing torture against political opponents. Harold Ginzburg, an Argentine novelist, was last seen five years ago in a Buenos Aires police barracks after he had been tortured so severely that he could not talk, eat or control his bowels. Yusuf Slay, a 43-year-old Christian poet serving a 15-year jail sentence, is currently assigned to the Soviet Union's bleak and punitive labor program—despite a stomach ulcer he developed during his last prison term. His offense: anti-Soviet agitation.

For four days the writers scolded over



Writers Julius Tovey, Ginzburg, Afreed and Sontag's "compact society where commercial values have spoiled just about every activity—including writing and sex"

keep would have looked expressive in the pages of *The New York Review of Books*. Sontag, Ginzburg, Tovey, Tureman, Imre Ginzburg, Margaret Atwood, Alan Wilkie, Marie-Claire Blais and lesser-known poets and novelists from around the world. As a eerie reminder of what the writers had come to talk about, seven suits on the podium remained empty throughout the four-day congress. They had been symbolically reserved for writers who couldn't make it because they are serving jail sentences in their native countries.

The seven, a deliberately chosen cross

just what their role should be in protecting human rights and bringing about social change. "The writer seems to have more responsibility for human rights than anyone else in the arts," said Ginzburg, whose works have won international literary awards although many are banned in her native South Africa. "When the occasion arises, writers have to move from writing to action."

Defining just what form that action should take proved to be controversial. For Ginzburg, taking political action can mean showing up at a meeting to

protest someone's detention—an action that can lead to arrest in South Africa. But Ginzburg shied away from endorsing violence. Others at the conference, including Sontag, argued that violent opposition is the face of government violence can sometimes be justified. But that position quickly brought reactions from officials of Amnesty International, the London-based human rights group which will receive all proceeds from the conference. Amnesty has built its reputation over the years as a non-violent, apolitical body that supports prisoners of conscience, which it defines as people jailed for their beliefs and who have never used or advocated violence.

While the writers gathered in the name of human rights everywhere, the political viewpoints of the participants ranged dramatically across the spectrum, creating some underlying tensions in a session on *The Writer and Revolution*, Czechoslovakian novelist Josef Skvorecky, who now lives in Toronto, led off with a bleak prognosis for revolutions, particularly those carried out by Communists or fascists, only to be followed by a number of panelists who made no secret of their desire for revolutionary socialism. One writer opted for walking to one of the sessions at nearby University of Toronto, rather than accept a ride that would have landed him in the backseat with another writer whose politics he disliked. At the in-camera sessions the tensions became even clearer, as some of the American writers pushed to have the conference take a more specifically anti-Soviet line.

Even the comfort of their cushioned chairs, some of the writers remanded themselves that there may even be relative freedom may not have come without a price. Expressions, far all its horrors, feelings and fears, and the old realities of North American capitalist society have not produced an inspiring tradition. "We live in a corrupt society where commercial values have spoiled just about every activity—including writing and sex," she said. "The old realities of North American capitalist society have not produced an inspiring tradition." "We live in a corrupt society where commercial values have spoiled just about every activity—including writing and sex," she said. "The old realities of North American capitalist society have not produced an inspiring tradition." "We live in a corrupt society where commercial values have spoiled just about every activity—including writing and sex," she said. "The old realities of North American capitalist society have not produced an inspiring tradition."

For the imprisoned writers, that Disneyland of the soul is a long way off. And for the writers assembled in Toronto last week, those seven empty chairs remain a stinging reminder of just how badly their opposition voices need to be heard. —LINDA MCQUEEN

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Scene from anti-government riots last May. Issues that a bible mission wasn't prepared to push with any force

to see to life and restore Moon's 26-year term to 16 years.

A taste of apocalyptic creep into the vision of Canadian officials who are pressed to explain why Trudeau does not take a tougher line. "If you want to change someone's mind," rebuffs one senior adviser, "you don't smash the guy when he invites you to dinner. It's not a perfect government, none of them are. Diplomacy is not a boy scout game. There are worse words on human rights shelves in the world." At a news conference in Seoul, Canadian Ambassador William Rouse said that one of his duties as the human rights position is to keep the Asian country's abuses in perspective for the Canadian government. "After hundreds of years of being cauched over by invaders," he said, "the South Koreans haven't had time to develop the roots of Western-style liberal democracy." Officially, senior Canadian church groups of placing an unvarnished focus on the South Korean human rights record. Rouse expressed the wish that Canadians would loudly and consistently express opinions on North Korea's record, about which he hears nothing.

Kim (below left), and Park, considered a destabilizing force



Park Young Gil is not persuaded that this is the route to freedom for her husband and others being held in different prisons throughout the country. She laments the silence of most churches in her country on the matter. There is freedom of religion, she says, as long as you keep your eyes shut. She alleges that the authorities have attempted, without success, to prevent her church group from holding weekly prayer meetings. Members once got around the official ban by staging a wedding, but the troops came anyway to seal the faithful away. Her elderly parents fret about her outspokenness and fear for the health of her husband. Moon II, who's weaker, however, is that the family should worry about the country, not him.

The women are in surprisingly good spirits, interpreting their sad tales with chuckles and hearty laughter. "Did look after us," says Park, 42, a Presbyterian. As for the husbands, she adds, "Their physical life has become less important. At the same time, their spiritual condition has improved." Her husband, she chortles, feels that one day in prison is worth many years in

university. From her faith, and her monthly visits—four in recent weeks to persuade her husband to give up a longer fast—Park Young Gil is convinced that there is no place to go but out. It's a matter of time as it goes to be soon, or later? The worry is, their health gets worse—and they are getting older.

—ROBERT LEWIS

## Britain

### One step ahead of political doom

For Britain's fractious Labour party, the occasion provided a brief breathing space rather than the prospect of a long wait. But even a silent people was more than welcome last week the divided party made a successful last-minute stand against the surging left-wing juggernaut of Tony Benn, denying his powerful bid for Labour's deputy leadership. But Benn's margin of defeat was strategically narrow, and the loss immediately raised the prospect of more cliff-hanging episodes in the future.

The winner of the election at Labour's annual conference in Brighton was Denis Healey, 64, the battle-hardened former defence secretary, and chairman of the exchange. He hung onto his No 2 job by a mere 682 per cent of the vote on the second ballot. The first ballot, as expected, had exonerated left-leaning former agriculture minister John Birtles, who had portrayed himself as the party's generalist.

The electoral showdown was the culmination of six months of high-gro-

were activity by Benn's well-oiled machine. His network is made up of party activists disenchanted with the failure of previous Labour governments to bring in full-blooded socialism. To no avail, Bennites sought Communist help in carrying some 500,000 to vote for their man in the national election, a high gross trade union 40 per cent of the voting bloc against 30 per cent work for continuous workers and Mrs. (Healey Benn) successfully led an effort to change the rules, but year, only six had any in party elections.

In its final stages, the campaign was marked by barbed-wire ferocity, with Healey accusing Benn's supporters of organized "bully-boy" tactics at his meetings. Healey, a pragmatic Labour right-winger, was repeatedly harassed by hecklers, one of whom personally accused him of being a millionaire out of touch with the working class. In fact, Benn, the ex-peer, is by far the wealthiest man through his marriage to a member of America's Du Pont family.

In the end, Benn's momentum among unions and party workers was broken by the unexpected decision of the Transport and General Workers Union to vote for Healey and by the abstention of 37 left-wing Labour MPs (Party leader Michael Foot calmly abstained in both ballots). Bennites were soon murmuring of a "bit list" of MPs who would be designated for defeat when the time came for their reelection by local parties.

The elegant Benn far more lost his personal style as defeat loomed. Apparently after two months that he was bounced back to claim that his followers represented "the incoming tide." And although five Bennites were ousted from the party's national executive committee, the conference saved face.

Healey and wife, after more conflict



Jack Daniel's uses a vat of maple charcoal to filter its whiskey. Photo by Stephen M. Greenblatt

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Types of this smoothness come from the distillery's unique use of a vat of maple charcoal. Copyright © 1987 J.D.A.

away his way on several major issues. An overwhelming majority voted for unilateral disarmament and withdrawal from the European Economic Community.

As party delegates headed home, the question in every mind was whether Bism's second fight against a year's time, but the majority of the opinion polls taken after Bism's victory. It gave Labour a six-point lead over the Tories with the newly elected Liberals and Social Democrats trailing third. But Bism's shock victory seemed unlikely to stem the flow of Labour talent to the Social Democratic Party (SDP). After voting for Bism last week, Dennis Healey, a former junior energy minister, promptly defected to the SDP, declaring that "Thinksyts and other ex-ministers" were threatening to reduce war to "the role of propaganda." In response, Bism immediately claimed that it would take only three or four more defections from the Bism camp to wipe out its razor-thin margins at Brighton. The strength of that contention is likely to be tested with increasing frequency in the turbulent months ahead.

—CAROL KENNEDY

## Poland

### Marching down an uncharted path

The townhouse stand school around Główny Stadium, a converted hockey arena, is the site of the 30th anniversary of the outbreak of the Polish Solidarity union. But he left no doubt that 1980 would live on. "We have thousands of supporters who will work with Solidarity," the grand old man of Polish national democracy said. "They will continue to fight for democracy and an independent Poland."

If Lipinski's address was pleasing to Solidarity's ears, it was only an added flourish to the mood of jaunty exuberance among the thousands of people in the Polish port city. Beneath huge banners bearing the three linked rings representing workers who died fighting for free trade unions, the SDP delegates emotionally debated policy proposals contained in a 39-page draft document titled "The New Program of the Polish People's Party." It is not a union program, this is a political party manifesto, it trumpeted. The draft included demands for free local elections, far-reaching

control of production and distribution of consumer goods by the state and the right of every man to work for the State (parliament). It was, in fact, a blueprint for a social democratic country—and it delightfully spurred an angry writing from Polish leader Stanisław Kania, the "clouded night" which is the second half of the program proved as radical as the first. That season, which ended Sept. 16, had approved a call for free elections in Poland and a resolution supporting free trade unions in other East bloc nations.

The conference exposed Polish workers to parliamentary debating procedures for the first time. And they were clearly exhilarated. As for seats

within the union's ranks, the real threat came from a rift between moderates led by Walesa and radicals led by deputy union leader Andrzej Gomuła and the head of the union's Hydrogen branch, Jan Radecki. The bitter dispute crystallized when opposing documents on the union's future relations with the Polish authorities were tabled. The radicals' version was confrontational, in tone, declaring that the system of political power had collapsed, the ruling party had become a charade and the only solution was the creation of a pluralistic political system. On the other hand, the moderates' version declared that Solidarity accepted Europe's positive realities and had no

Walesa (center) at the congress. Solidarity showed a jaunty exuberance



in dress any uniform rushed around collecting votes, delegates talked to use the 10 microphones and make interjections. Vote tallies were displayed on a chalkboard at the front of the hall, and as the corridors to the rear became lobbying gal and other way. Solidarity leader Lech Wałęsa himself came in for some angry words from the rank and file when, shortly after gesturing his way to a hospital to mark his 38th birthday, they condemned the union's exuberance for "tenderhearted behavior." The congress was angry that it had not been consulted before the leadership made decisions to the government on the key question of who should choose factory managers—the government or the workers—and, too, since Walesa was called a little detour by one speaker. Nevertheless, after he had been chastised, another vote overwhelmingly approved the performance of Walesa and the executive over the past year.

But if there was a danger of conflict

in terms of voting power. Solidarity officials were confident that the moderates would prevail in the dispute. In that event, it is less likely that the Soviets will play their trump card against Poland's democratic forces—not military intervention, but economic strangulation.

At week's end there was at least a temporary resolution of the conflict between radicals and moderates. Walesa's more prudent policies were endorsed when a 24-per-cent majority of the delegates re-elected him to a two-year term as union boss. But if the victory was a sign that Solidarity had rejected confrontation politics, there was little doubt that no obvious path remained a teacher on a in a victory speech, Walesa called on the delegates to continue the "peaceful war" with the Communist authorities until democracy is established. That said, as a Tarn statement condemning the congress indicated, in clearly unacceptable to Moscow.

—SEE MASTHEAD

## U.S.A.

# Trying to close the 'window'

Reagan unveils a plan to reduce U.S. vulnerability to Soviet missiles



By Michael Posner

Are America's land-based nuclear missiles now vulnerable to attack by the Soviet Union? And if they are, what should the United States do about it? These questions have challenged American defense experts for several years. Last week, after months of analysis and review, the Reagan administration submitted its own answer, setting off a new round of debate that is likely to have international repercussions. In essence, the administration believes that its land-based force of 1,052 Titan and Minuteman intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs) is increasingly vulnerable to a Soviet first strike. As Moscow's relentless military buildup continues and as the accuracy of Soviet ICBMs improves, the U.S. missile-based in field sites is under increasing threat—could be quickly swept out of existence in a surprise attack. America's retaliatory capability would then depend on its aging fleet of B-1 bombers and on the less accurate missiles fired from nuclear submarines. This has come to be known as the "window of vulnerability," a threatened time frame in which the Kremlin might be tempted to exploit its strategic advantage.

To close that window, the administration has unveiled a five-part \$200-billion U.S. program, in confrontations it is costly. Its most controversial element may be the new missile-guided nosecone to the Titan and Minuteman launchers. Under Jimmy Carter, the air



Mock-up of the MX or B-1 bomber. Weinberger and Reagan: the weapons may be targeting chips

force had constructed a square scheme to deploy 206 SS-20 missiles—each carrying 10 nuclear warheads—at 4,000 submarine shelters in Utah and Nevada. By constantly shunting the missiles from site to site, Moscow would be kept guessing about the precise locale of the warheads. Now, Reagan has positively abandoned that proposal. The project drew strong political opposition in Congress and in the West. It carried the highest price tag of any construction undertaken in history—an estimated \$100 billion. And even if built—or as the president suggested last week—it would not have prevented the Soviets from assembling as many missiles as were necessary to destroy the entire network of SS-20 shelters.

Instead, Reagan wants to build 300 SS-20s by 1988 and have 36 of them already constructed Titan and Min-

uteman sites, reinforced to withstand the impact of an atomic blast. Logically, however, this plan is so handsomely funded that it would likely survive a nuclear attack, why is the SS-20 missile needed at all?

In fact, reinforcement is simply a stopgap measure. No American missile would likely survive a Soviet warhead landing anywhere near its target. So, in the short run, is there any way to close completely the window of vulnerability? What the current missile plan does is buy the administration

a few years of time—time, perhaps, to reach a verifiable arms reduction treaty with Moscow. If, more probably, time to conduct an extensive new arms and development program to find a better MX basing system, one that may involve a new, anti-ballistic missile defense.

The Pentagon will also modernize other elements of its strategic arsenal, including a generation of 100 B-1 bomber development of the second-generation B-1 bomber (for the 1990s), deployment of cruise missiles on Trident submarines and on newer B-52 bombers, upgrading the communications network that would link the U.S. nuclear triad (land, sea- and air-based weapons in wartime, and with Canada, improving North America's air defense and surveillance abilities. Presumably some aspects of the Reagan plan will become bargaining chips in the next round of arms limitation talks.

But the administration is clearly committed to most of its declared strategy. It was no coincidence that Defense

Secretary Casper Weinberger prefaced the president's announcement with release of a 99-page report documenting the stark reality of the Soviet military buildup. Many experts have questioned the very existence of a window of vulnerability (implying that Soviet missiles are not as accurate as claimed), and whether the U.S. military push is lethal enough to give the Kremlin a real reason to ease its about the wisdom of a first strike. But that view has no strong support within the White House. The growth of Moscow's military machine for purposes what would be needed to defend the U.S.S.R. adequately, the Pentagon insists. And, as Reagan himself noted at the Reagan conference last week, "the Soviet Union has made it very plain [that it believes] a limited nuclear war is winnable."

The question was a whether Congress—already, wrangling at the prospect of adding another \$15 billion from the federal budget—will settle the president's strategic arms package. Some changes may be made, but most Washington observers regard the U.S. military buildup as a bipartisan issue, with solid grassroots support. Even at \$180 billion, Reagan is not expected to give a very tough fight. ☐

## Testing the ties that bind

**B**oth sides fear that a diplomat is an honest man sent abroad to lie for the good of his country. Lying may be too strong a word for the rhetorical acrobatics that passed for diplomacy between Americans and Canadians last week. But as the party-thrust beaming on both sides of the border continued, one thing was clear: as matters ranging from acid rain to the Foreign Investment Review Agency the domestic policies of the United States and Canada are more apart and the national good of each is being guarded cautiously.

The seemingly intractable dispute over acid rain was given a sharp relief when a Canadian delegation of technical experts and high officials somewhat mysteriously withdrew last week from a U.S. congressional hearing on acid pollution. The reason: several disgruntled liberals from Reagan administration officials in the Canadian Embassy in Washington. The decision was embarrassingly reversed in Ottawa by Environment Minister John Roberts. Last night, Reagan gave a speech in which Canada's delegates will find his guests as the star attraction of the Clean Air Act hearings this Tuesday—but not before allegations of political coercion had been aired. According to one Reagan of-

ficial, the Canadians were ham-fistedly warned that it would be imprudent for them to mix in the politically sensitive domestic issue of the Clean Air Act. Although Roberts claimed that the withdrawal was a result of "reflexivity," Conservative MP John Power, his shadow cabinet counterpart, thought otherwise. Power charged that the Canadians were a "gross exploitation to the bullying tactics by special-interest groups in the U.S. who are opposed to us anything to get the Clean Air Act."

In Washington there was little question about the priority of environmental programs with the Reagan team. Plans for increased military spending have not displaced into federal matters for social and environmental programs. The Environmental Protection Agency had its budget slashed in half and by 1992 will have cut one-third of its staff. Clearly, guns have won out over butter and better air. That view was strongly brought home to Canadians last week when a group of mid-Western U.S. politicians toured southern Ontario to see damage wrought by acid rain produced by coal-burning American plants. Still, Ohio

State Representative Thomas Gilmartin in defense of American socialism. "The pollution comes from our industries built up in wartime. We hope you do not press us so much that we cannot afford to keep up our strength to keep peace."

But the war of the words was not all one-sided in Washington. Finance Minister Allan Rock had continued his onslaught on Reaganism, particularly the tight money policies which have forced Canadian interest rates higher than required to control our money supply. MacRackner was joined there by the border by External Affairs Minister Mark MacGillivray, who aired his concerns at New York's Center for International Relations. Some of his comments to the black-tie dinner proved disconcerting to his hosts. The defense of Canadian isolationism of foreign-controlled oil and gas subsidiaries caused one of the center's male donors to storm out, claiming that he had been "betrayed." Nevertheless, MacGillivray's tough-talking nationalism looked somewhat toothless considering that Ottawa has shelved its brave plans to strengthen foreign investment controls.



External Affairs Minister Roberts, Saskatchewan's Ted Brownson at news conference



MacGillivray, an insulated guest

But perhaps much of the Canadian rhetoric was meant more for voters at home than for U.S. politicians. At a time when Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's constitution package is under increasing fire, the idea that the federal government is the only voice capable of standing up to the Reagan for its politically aggressive. Still, the strongest barrier between the two nations is not going unnoted at the White House. Said Elton Priddy, a Harvard University professor in Canada: "An official statement [by MacGillivray] and his government keep looking for a fight, they might be surprised. Because the administration will give them one."

—JANE GILMAN

## PEOPLE



Playmate Faced (top); David Kennedy with Harris (below from left)

**T**hird of a Lifetime, CTV's new "You asked for it, you got it" show, has fulfilled the dreams of many Canadians. The participants get their thrills by doing everything from watching the wisdom of Terrence's dining Out Tower to watching up Jack Mervin's cattle. "The Playmate outstayed worked in reverse," says production manager Ed Crain. "When we called them, they said, 'You serve some girls and send to the tapes.'" So Crain and his crewmen intervened in "slightly male" ladies and came up with Playmate's Miss November, Shannon Tweed. A 26-year-old brunette, 16-inch blonde, Tweed was born in a Newfoundland milk farm, raised in Saskatoon and introduced to modeling in Ottawa. "A good place to make your mistakes and live." Now she lives in Hugh Hefner's Los Angeles mansion, while Hal looks for the "right people" as I won't be typicant in male roles and pure feminist career in motion. That could be a thrill that may last a lifetime.



**P**eter Onorato, former Ottawa bureau chief with the Global Television Network, admits that he once thought journalism schools were a waste of time. "We tended to feel that you either had a gift, or you didn't," says Onorato. "If you didn't, no school in the world could give it to you." Understandably, Onorato, 46, has had a change of heart. After a month in his new position as dean of journalism at London's University of Western Ontario, he says formal education is necessary to help budding journalists understand today's "complicated issues" and such neglected disciplines as "proper research." Though Onorato's own range post-secondary education—a year at MacRackner's Loyola College—didn't affect his change for the university appointment, it has created some controversy in the world of academia.



Repsile as \$100-a-bottle Kathleen

**"T**he more symbolizes the end of the American dream. After the Kennedy's were killed, things were never the same." So says Debbie Harris, lead singer of San Francisco's polka-punk band called *David Kennedy*. The group's singles, however, hardly barked back to bigger days. And by following up its underground hits, *Calypso* *Uter* and *Holiday* in Canada, with an album titled *Save the Band*, has not embraced itself to the mainstream music industry. The song, politely paraphrased "The Inheritance in Potomac," has been released distribution by every major record company in the world and has been from play by the top 10. Still, it has received into the Top 10 in Britain. At home things are going a little more slowly. "Self-control rock hits have to stop ignoring the daily global tragedies," says Harris. With such lyrics as "I love your gas/shedded out track time/Save like loads and loads of gas."

the daisy's popularity in Britain seems to signal the tragedy of unemployed youth with too much time on their hands.

**B**aron Philippe de Rothschild, multi-millionaire winegrower, is just as concerned about what goes on the bottom of his world-famous wine as what goes on the top. His latest \$100-a-bottle creation—Chateau Mouton Rothschild '78—features labels designed by Montreal expatriate *Jean-Paul Gaultier*. The 79-year-old baron's only child, Baroness Philippe de Rothschild, says her father has been mercurially moved artists and paying them in 10-acre lots of Mouton's finest since 1950. However, Gaultier's contribution—two little black spirals—says her old "Dad didn't work on it very long." The daisiologically "Oh well, *Mus Front* came and drew on the tablecloth. His wife doing and the label."

—EDITED BY BARBARA MATTHEWS

# Smooth-talkers from Cowtown

On its third try for Olympic immortality, Calgary wins the 1988 Winter Games

By Gordon Legge

When Frank King took on the chairmanship of the Calgary Olympic Development Association (COSA) 20 years ago, he embarked on a quest for the ultimate competition in amateur sports, the Olympic Games. He also entered the literary and often feisty world of Olympic politics, the professional sport with no rules. Besides contending with three levels of Canadian government, it was the 45-year-old athlete's job to enlist and cajole the aristocrats of international sport, the members of the austere International Olympic Committee (IOC). King had to convince them that Calgary should be the site of the 1988 Winter Olympics. It was a role for which he was ideally suited, with his boyish charm, cosmopolitan tastes and evident sincerity—all masking a steely sense of humor. Last week, his efforts paid rich dividends. Calgary was awarded the 1988 winter Games.

During the quest for the fiercely contested prize, King and his COSA colleagues travelled two million kilometers—equal to 90 times around the globe—visiting most of the 100 to 80 members. The odyssey finally ended deep in the Black Forest of West Ger-



King (right) and delegation bear the news.

many at the exclusive resort town of Baden-Baden, famed for its gastronomic delights. There, COSA's strategy of establishing a strong personal rapport, perhaps a bond of friendship with each IOC member, was decisively vindicated.

The contingent defied the conventional wisdom that the devoted bloc of delegates would punish Canada for boycotting the 1980 Moscow Games. It also ignored last minute belly-ache criticism from the Italian contingent, Cortina d'Ampezzo, which hosted the 1956 Games. Calgary won its bid on the second ballot, defeating the other competitor, the Swedish mining town of Falun. When he heard the announcement, an exhausted but ebullient King leaped from his seat and raised his clenched fist in a victory salute. Celebrating Calgary Mayor Ralph Klein, King shouted "It's fantastic. It's too good to be true. After 30 years, we finally got it. Hello, Calgary!" At the same time, 160 COSA volunteers in Calgary crowded around a television set in the downtown Calgary Convention Centre. At 9:01 am they heard the announcement in French and recognized one word: Calgary. Cheers and tears flowed jubilantly.

Canada had made two unsuccessful attempts since 1968 at hosting the Winter Olympics, including three bids by Calgary. Now, with Seoul, South Korea, garnering the 1988 summer Games, it will be the first time since 1932 that

winter Games have been held outside Europe in the same year.

The latest quest for the winter Games—which will be held between Feb. 21 and March 6, 1988—began with a dinner meeting of the Calgary Booster Club in the fall of 1978. Dedicated to helping amateur sport in the city, the club was looking for a new project. King and a few other members decided to examine the feasibility of another Olympics bid.

When they found that support existed, they revived COSA, an organization that in earlier times included a young lawyer named Peter Lougheed, who made Calgary's unsuccessful 1966 pitch for the 1972 Games. Remembering the organizational success of the 1976 Commonwealth Games in Edmonton, COSA put together a committee between, then, loosely oriented toward sales and marketing. Then it followed a three-pronged strategy: gain the support of Canadians, ensure there were no "white elephants"—expensive facilities that would lie dormant in the Games' aftermath—and avoid involving the federal and management debacle of the 1976 Montreal Games, with their \$1-billion debt, or the transportation and money woes that plagued the Lake Placid winter Games in 1980.

From the beginning, COSA made every attempt to keep Calgary and other interested groups informed of its activities. Two months before its trip to Germany, COSA launched a massive publicity blitz featuring Calgary's ski-

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star Ken Read. It kicked off a 50-person membership drive. Arriving with 50,000 members in their back pocket, COGA replaced the IOC after two years, they had enlisted 2,000 volunteers.

To ensure that the Olympic facilities are used long after the two-week festival is finished, a \$30-million endowment fund will be established to pay for operating costs in the decades ahead. And to assure the IOC that the Montreal fiasco would not be repeated, COGA planned for every eventuality and examined every technical detail. "We had to present an organizational face that



Coliseum, projected (top) and current



was unquestioned. The way we did that was to organize to the hilt," says King, who knows something about planning for the future. As a senior vice-president of Turbo Resources, he is also in charge of building a \$200-million refinery north of Calgary, the largest ever built by a Canadian company.

Olympic events will be spread among three sites: the city hall, Bragg Creek in the foothills of the Rockies and the Kananaskis in the mountains. The Olympic flame will be lit at opening ceremonies in an expanded McMahon Stadium in northern Calgary, the home of the Calgary Stampeders of the Canadian Football League. Nearby, the University of Calgary will house the Olympic Village, temporarily displacing its resident students to accommodate 25,000 athletes and officials. Next door, a speed-skating oval is planned. At Stampede Park in the city's core, an 18,000-seat \$70-million stadium is under construction to franchise the figure skating and hockey competitions. To show the IOC facilities that Calgary was serious about its bid, city council, with the aid of the provincial government, bulldozed through neighborhood objections to get a start on construction. Bragg Creek

will be the site of cross-country skiing, the bobsled, ski jumping, luge and luge events. This will require construction of North America's second highest race.

In Kananaskis Country, the province's massive new provincial playground, the imposing Mount Sparrowhawk and Shark will host the alpine skiing, the courses designed with the help of five local training facilities will dot the sites, and transportation will be provided by Calgary's new rapid transit line and buses.

The costs, however, will be substantial. According to the budget prepared by COGA in consultation with two of the West's leading architectural firms, it will cost \$425 million in 1983 dollars. To cover that, COGA has asked the federal government for \$200 million out of revenues from the sale of stamps, coins and Ottawa's proposed national sport-betting pool. Alberta will provide a \$99-million grant and a \$20-million loan to help with start-up. The city is providing \$25 million, much of it in the form of land for the stadium. Mayor Klein created a venue fund in Baden-Kloster when, at the last IOC site, he asked for a memo from COGA outlining the city's

responsibilities and obligations. "I want to ensure there's no handout to the taxpayer," Klein said defensively. Asked if Calgary would replicate Montreal, where Mayor Jean Drapeau said, "The Olympics can no more have a deficit than a man can have a baby," he returned: "It better not. I don't want to be another Drapeau." The remainder will come from general revenues such as ticket sales, marketing programs, sponsorships—not to mention television rights, which are expected to run at least \$100 million, compared to Lake Placid's \$20 million. "We're not going to overrun on costs," King says.

By the time the budget was released in mid-September, seemingly every detail had been taken care of and close to \$2 million had been spent on the bid. A slick slide show for the final day's presentation was ready to go. Arriving in the German town, COGA turned on its western hospitality in the Alberta-shaped pavilion, which featured two gourmet Montebello and two blood Indian. Flamingo, breakfast and burritos, added a new flavor to Baden-Kloster.

When Calgary was, it was reminiscent of the day the city's sports fans arrived in Toronto for the 1964 Grey Cup. Baden-Kloster was awash in white. Bats King's wife, Jeanette, grabbed an Olympic flag and led federal Sports Minister Gerald Regan, Laughlin and 100 others in a banner hop around the Kurhaus Centre, where the decision had been announced only an hour earlier. Grey River cougars and western whitebats Doug Goldsmith borrowed an accordion and played O Canada. COGA members cried, some forgot the words, and IOC delegates stood nearby at attention. Back home, Calgary hearts were soon besieged by telephone calls from as far away as London, Ont., seeking reservations for 1988. The callers were evidently hearing the Alberta premier's selected invitation: "This has got to unite the country. We want to see the Montreal Games. Now we hope that they will come and see us."

## BUSINESS

# The race on the showroom floor

*Buyers go front-wheel, but rear-wheel means jobs*

By Ian Austin

The Chrysler crystal ball once again crashed through the silver curtain in the downtown Montreal convention hall, followed by the rest of the 1982 Chrysler lineup. Spotlights crisscrossed the V-6 powered hardtop and young women waved checkered flags as it roared around a miniature racetrack paved with grey carpeting. Not the kinds of Rallye '82, watched by Chrysler's Canadian dealers, was a hot half-hour. The Imperial is basically unchanged from last year. As with most of the 1982 models unveiled by the Big Three during the past few weeks, it is just more expensive. And it is not the sort of note that dealers or Detroit are excited about. The real hope is pinned on the sleek, front-wheel drive (FWD) cars being shipped out to dealers who pray that the vehicles will cure the financial woes that have beset them since the 1979 Arab oil embargo.

After millions of dollars in new investment, some government money and considerable overseas engineering help, the North American automakers should be on the verge of a clear breakthrough. The manufacturers, says Detroit analyst Arvid Josselyn, have the right cars for the market for the first time since they unleashed the last of the one-labeled gas burners in 1979. But the new cars have been coming out since May, and so far they have not brought instant salvation. While the Big Three managed to get back on the black during the second quarter of 1981, high interest rates and shortages in production cut into sales. Ford had to let many orders for its Escort/Lynx series go unfilled because it couldn't make enough of the cars' four-cylinder engines.

The industry also faces an even trickier problem. Ford Motor Company of Canada President Kenneth Hargraves admits that despite the automaker's efforts, most car buyers still think imports are better made and offer higher gas mileage. During the past year, sales of imports in North America rose by 12 per cent while domestic product sales dropped by 21 per cent. Says Hargraves: "It's going to be very difficult to find a

profitable approach to this." His hope is that sales will grow by two to seven per cent this model year, depending on the level of interest rates. Sales may also be helped by the fact that the average age of North American cars—6½ years—is the oldest since the early 1950s. At the same time, since most plant expansion is complete, the car makers should now be able to cover all their orders for popular models.

One result of the industry's house cleaning is that the Canadian arms of the Big Three are now producing most of the older, rear-wheel drive vehicles in Canada. Only one Canadian plant is turning out front-wheel drive cars this year—Ford's St. Thomas, Ont.,

facility. There, production of the two-seat EXP/LT series is currently suspended by a 12-week shutdown due to excess inventory. Meanwhile, Chrysler has moved all its North American rear-wheel work to Windsor, General Motors of Canada Ltd. cancelled plans to convert part of its Oshawa operation to FWD assembly and Ford has consolidated its production of full-sized cars (formerly the work of five factories) at Oakville, Ont.

While the public so far hasn't rushed out to buy the streamlined larger cars, the manufacturers may there is enough demand in such areas as Alberta—where the worst of the gasoline price hikes has been avoided—to keep the Canadian plants going without interruption. John Higgins, an economist with the Conference Board of Canada, says the large-car shift to Canada may simply be an attempt to keep production costs down. The weak Canadian dollar, he says, makes the Canadian auto worker 20 per cent cheaper to use than his U.S. counterpart. In the end, while the front-wheel-drive offerings may be the most popular, it is the all-home production of the imports and its less glamorous rear-wheel-drive relatives that may keep Canadian auto workers free from layoffs. □



Chrysler Canada President Mow Chase with Imperial (above); Ford's slow-selling EXP



## The swami takes a fall

It was all too much for the market to bear. The apocalyptic pronouncements of market seer Joe Granville combined with the least-just reassigning message of U.S. President Ronald Reagan on the last Thursday of September caused a sell-off that drove the Toronto Stock Exchange's 300 composite index down 84 points. The dive constituted the biggest single-day drop of the year. Last week, although the 198 hit an 18-month low of 1784.7 on Granville's predicted Blue Monday, bargain hunters were unable to mount the dividend debate and began to buy again, and before the day was over the exchange experienced the year's biggest gain. Tuesday's rebound came as investors and speculators alike were catching that swami Granville clearly could not control the market.

It was a small, if satisfying, victory. "Here the first business day in January," says the TD's index analyst, Dan Gobeille, "the composite index has been going down steadily, and it's still down more than 58 per cent from the beginning of the year." Nor was September encouraging, with paper losses of \$79.4 billion—the second biggest monthly drop since statistics were first kept in 1956. High interest rates are one reason for the market's patters; that another down and push has come from heavy selling by margin-account customers no longer able to afford credit interest charged by brokers.

Brokers have been feeling the pinch, too. To keep within tax regulations, they maintain clients' accounts. These without sufficient collateral in their ac-



counts is over at least half the value of their stock purchases minus "margin calls" for more money. Defaulting customers force brokerage firms to chip into their own capital, and several cases dangerously close to their courts last week. Says David MacIver, chief economist: "There were companies we were watching. Most have managed to get their margin accounts in order."

Nor is any quick recovery expected—particularly in oil and gas stocks. Says oil analyst Gord Field of Dominion Securities: "The only game left in town is the take-over game. We're going to have the oil and gas market you've ever seen."

Stock markets are only one of the indicators of economic malaise, with firm bankruptcies in the first eight months of 1984 up 80 per cent from 1980 and with little change in the number of companies in receivership. Some major downtown development projects have

Blue Monday: shored debts



reports are already behind because of a two-week strike by 1,600 grain handlers at Thunder Bay, Ont., in September. Vancouver handlers, who are currently working without a contract, could strike anytime. In addition, the railways are reluctant to increase shipment of a product on which they lose money because of statutory Crownland rates.

Jervin himself admitted last week that massive new rail investment will be needed if Canada is to hit the federal government's 1985 export goal of 30 million tonnes. Added Doug Radin, acting head of the Grain Transportation Authority and the man who has to sweet-talk rail officials: "There's no question it's an enormous target." Meanwhile, the grain will have to move with more speed than Ottawa, which has yet to replace Hugh Huxford. He resigned as the transportation authority's director a year ago next week.

—PETER CAULFIELD-GORDON

## Harvest home and abroad

Exposed Jervin could hardly sustain his plea. But winter grain prices might be forgiven a disbelieving squint at the announcement last week by the Canadian Wheat Board's chief commissioner of a record export target of 30 million tonnes for grain and meal worth \$2 billion to \$3 billion for 1984-85—15 per cent higher than the 1979-80 record. It is all due to a healthy prairie harvest this fall that may, according to wheat board officials, reach 41 million tonnes.

The board hopes to ship 16.6 million tonnes by Dec. 31. But some exporters are suggesting that the board may be wearing spectacles more rose-tinted than an evening prom-night. In fact,

been shored, with Biston's puffing out of complacency in both Edmonton and Gravel, Ont. There is, however, some room for hope. Statistics Canada reports that retail sales were up more than 12 per cent in July from a year earlier. And the agency also plans to change the makeup of the consumer price index, that fictional shopping basket assembled to gauge inflation. The new list will include 35-mm cameras, contact lenses and cassette tapes. At least there is no sign yet of the kind of panic this would lead to in deflated food or survival kits being readied for storage in a bunker. —WAYNE LUDY

# BWIA

## The barest of telegrams

It was almost time to leave for the church when there was a knock at the door and the bridegroom found himself allowing a young woman in distress to use his phone. Moments later, as a cassette recorder played a raucous ragtime tune, the escorted guest began taking off her clothes. Then, wearing nothing but her bra and panties, she washed the groom's happy wedding and good luck—from his best man. The groom had received a Strip-A-Gram.

One step beyond a singing telegram and more visually stimulating than a Coozie-Gram, the Strip-A-Gram is the latest form of personally delivered message to strike the reconnection industry. The service was started last October by two unemployed New York actors. Since then it has spread across the U.S. to Australia and, most recently, to Toronto. "There's nothing trend or banal about a Strip-A-Gram," says co-founder Gary Blumack, 32. "What we are doing is funny and adorable—ask my mother, she runs the Boston office."

Entertainment and surprise are the

objectives. Disguised as repair people, cleaners, and long-lost relatives, the male and female performers attempt to infiltrate the recipient's environment. Art-Maria Myles, 22, based up on contract law to pass as a client delivering a message to a Toronto criminal lawyer. "The whole idea is to get them distracted and then spring the surprise," says Myles. "It's not really sexy. People know it's a joke and everyone laughs."

Despite the seemingly covert nature of the operation, office manager Hal Lange says that a good day finds two or three Torontoans receiving undulating tidings for a flat rate of \$85. "We want to push the classy part," explains Lange. "There are no bumps and grinds and the clients are not allowed to touch the stripper—oops, I mean performer."

"Personally, I think it gives the telegram business a bad name," complains Carol Parrish, owner of Eastern Ocean Singing Telegrams. But at the city hall licensing department, enforcement officer Harry Gay reserves legal judgment on the propriety of the service. "I'd want to see what was going on, or



Myles at work undulating tidings

rather what was going on," he chuckles.

Strip-A-Grammer Richard Sommer, however, is not concerned about the legality of his job. Rather he is looking forward to his upcoming performance at a baby shower. "Making people smile is what it's all about," he says philosophically. "Maybe I'll try to hide a baby rattle in my costume. The ladies should like that." —MARSHA BELLSTON



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## For the record

Digital techniques have brought much greater clarity to the recording of standard repertoire than many people now feel obliged to rediscover their entire collections. Certainly two new Mahler recordings are strong advertisements for doing so. Mahler himself in 1895 unwittingly uttered a plea to be recorded digitally: "The aspect of instrumentation in which I consider myself

well ahead of past and present composers can be summed up in a single word: clarity." Klaus Tennstedt, Simon Rattle and their engineers are well aware that Mahler's ears were 80 years ahead of his time. In Mahler's Tenth Symphony (Angel/SON), Rattle is generally more searching and impassioned than Tennstedt's readings of the Tenth Symphony with the London Philharmonic Orchestra (Angel/SON), but both conductors provide expansive and highly sympathetic readings. There will never be a definitive Tenth Symphony (Mahler completed only the introductory



first movement), but Rattle's recording with the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra easily eclipses all previous ones. No young conductor is more worth watching.

One wonders what might happen if Rattle joined forces with the Vienna Philharmonic, which brings a ravishing neo-European bloom of sound to an impressive digital disc of Brahms's Fourth under Carlos Kleiber (DG/PolyGram). Kleiber aims for the grandeur of relaxed intensity and holds this line powerfully for these movements. Sadly, he expends the preceding ones with a dried-out final movement.

As if to remind us that digital is not everything, the first digital recording of Beethoven's Ninth at a pedestrian affair, performed by Bernard Haitink and the Concertgebouw of Amsterdam (Philips/PolyGram). The digital sound plays a hole in the choral finale, but Haitink allows the elemental first, electrifying second and ethereal third movements to emerge clearly.

Conversely, a new non-digital disc of Dvořák's Seventh by Andrew Davis and the Philharmonia of London (EMI) is worthy despite occasionally muddy sound and questionable balance. Dvořák in the most grand tragicomic and Davis wisely gives a glowing and comfortable shew to the vigor of the drama. By next year so doubt there will be a digital recording of the same symphony. As with all digital discs, give it preference only if it's an improvement musically and sonically. —JOHN PEARCE



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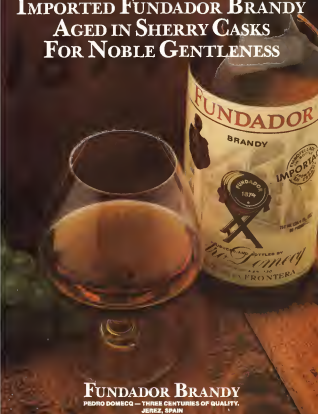
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MAVICA, the assets and the playback unit—will cost about \$2,500 (color televisions not included). The high cost will undoubtedly limit the MAVICA's marketability to industry and educational institutions, suggests Joel Charnin, a spokesman for Sony of Canada Ltd., who notes that when Sony's Betamax videotape recorder came out a decade ago, it was primarily for commercial use. As with those recorders, the MAVICA will not come into the home.

The magnetic video camera, capturing television and still photography

### TECHNOLOGY

## The coming of electronic photography

**T**he desire to capture photographs images faster, better, cheaper has spurred changes in photographic processes since the conception of the art 140 years ago. But since that time, when it was discovered that the light sensitivity of silver allowed images to be trapped and retained, the properties of silver photography have remained essentially the same. Until now, that is. Sony Corporation has developed the first filmless camera, which "reads" images electronically into a magnetic disc rather than developing them through the conventional silver emulsion process. Capable of taking up to 50 pictures, at a rate of 30 pictures per second, the system also immediately displays the images on a television screen, making it the fastest still photography process ever developed.

The camera, called a MAVICA (magnetic video camera), is similar to a conventional 35 mm. single-reflex in size and appearance, but instead of entering a roll of film through the back of the apparatus, the photographer inserts a water-tight cassette into the MAVICA from the top. A semiconductor chip converts the image being photographed into thousands of electronic impulses, which are recorded on the magnetic disc contained in the cassette. Once the image is recorded, the cassette is removed and inserted into a special playback unit. By retransmitting the imprint into electronic impulses, the unit produces a photographic color image on a TV screen.

But the filmless wonder is not cheap, the entire system—which includes the

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until increased distribution brings costs down. Says Henry Kaska, spokesman for Eastman Kodak, "Most picture takers are not interested in the gadgetry of photography; they're more interested in the picture itself. The system will appeal only to the affluent, technically oriented photographer."

Once purchased, however, the system brings considerable savings. The cameras are expected to sell for \$5, about half the price of an average roll of 35mm film. Because a cassette can be erased and reused indefinitely—thus eliminating development costs—the actual process will be cheaper than chemical photography.

Dou Soy's efforts to marry the technology of television and still photography have resulted in a picture quality no better than the one on a home television screen. Claims Kodak's Kaska: "The resolving power is not as good as in still, chemical photography." Soy, however, plans to improve the image resolution before the system reaches the mass market in 1980. The company is also devising an adapter that will develop prints from the magnetic disc cassette.

Ultimately, electronic photography is unlikely to render the chemical process obsolete. Neither will the MAFICA camera be a latter-day Stragitta, but rather an amateur who will want to know in 50 seconds whether or not he has photographically decapitated his in-laws. But if the current high-tech value for "ole ugly and lard 3-D films holds out, an *erfunden* sense that may well exhibit video stills, the appeal of which would be similarly due to their very lack of esthetic qualities. —JENNIFER WELLS

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## HEALTH

### A diet for the smoker

Although statisticians contend that nine out of 10 smokers desperately want to quit, for many the fear of immediate weight gain keeps them hopelessly pulling away. Now, a recently released book claims to cure both ills with a single formula. *The Stop-Smoking Diet*, written by Seattle ex-smoker Jane Ogilvie, shows the cold turkey approach is favor of a gentler weaning with the aid of a diet that regulates the levels of nicotine in the body. But she is the first to acknowledge that for smokers who stub out their cigarettes, the battle won't be easy. Peering to conclusive evidence that nicotine is highly addictive, she maintains, "It's really a legal street drug."

To combat nicotine's mind-numbing grip, Ogilvie has based her diet on the 1977 work of New York psychologist Stanley Schachter, who found that smokers could control their habit by slightly altering the body's chemistry. With the help of 18 volunteers, he proved that if the food in the stomach that eliminates the nicotine is acidic, the drug leaves the system faster and the smoker feels the urge to light up—just as any addict craves the next fix. But when the volunteers took in carbons of soda tablets, their blood became more alkaline; the nicotine elimination slowed and the interval between cigarettes was prolonged.

Because blizzards of soda is dangerous to hypertensives, Ogilvie stresses acidifying foods instead. Vegetables, fruits, soups, soups and dairy products head the list, while meat, fish and grains are limited because of their acid-forming properties. She feels that the diet will help the smoker whittle down his daily ration of cigarettes while maintaining his weight. In addition to the food, Ogilvie advocates the use of nicotine gum or snuff to help the smoker in his withdrawal.

Although the diet has been endorsed by the U.S. National Institutes of Health, no official trials have established its success rate. But this lack of proof does not seem to deter smokers seeking release from the nicotine trap after only two months of sales, the book is already into its second printing. Ogilvie cautions, however, that smokers absolutely rest with the individual's resolve to stop. "At some point, the person has to decide to finally throw out the packs." —CATHERINE ROOD

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## LAW

### An epic battle over the rights to culture

Camps divide as Canada's Copyright Act faces revision

By Fred Blazer

In the lounge of Mandeville Inn outside Toronto, tropical fans swirl as the Oscar Rubalcava Orchestra hits into a poignant rendition of *Two Hearts*, which Rubalcava wrote last year for pop stars Cherrell and Robbie Rae. But during the break there's no trace of romance in the songwriter's voice as he blasts the Canadian copyright restrictions that limited his royalty payments on national sales of the *Two Hearts* album (more than 25,000 copies) to \$250. Says Rubalcava, "Instead of providing incentives for artists, the law is like a punch."

Such bitterness is widespread among Canadian artists. The Canadian Copyright Act, intended to guard creators' intellectual property, controls all of this country's \$5-billion-a-year culture industries, but artists and producers charge that it has been nibbling them of rightful income almost since its introduction in 1966. Virtually unchanged since then, the act supplies no protection against technological innovations such as photocopying of books or cable transmission of television programs. It also imposes 1968 royalty rates: a Canadian composer earns two cents per song, half what U.S. songwriters will soon be getting. Now the complainants have a chance to defend their long-ignored interests. This July, the federal department of communications (CRTC) appointed a committee to collaborate with the department of consumer and corporate affairs (DCA) in drafting, by next summer, the first major revision of the act. The months ahead will see ardent last-chance lobbying by competing interest groups—leading to grips with problems that will have an enormous impact on Canadian society," says Frank Kerec, committee member and research director of DCA's copyright branch.

Certainly the impact on Canadian readers, TV watchers and music lovers could be far-reaching. By establishing the rate that copyright holders can charge for the use of their material, copyright law is intended to protect the public's access to culture at a reasonable price, and a tougher law may mean substantial hikes. Worn University of Western Ontario economist Alec Blom-



Rubalcava incensed over low royalties



Phonorecords: turning over cable TV

qvist, coauthor of a recent study criticizing some publishing industry demands for increased copyright protection: "My definition of a culturally active society is one where people not only write books, but where they can afford to read them."

In what promises to be an epic war over copyright revision, the producers and consumers of culture are already locked in a vocal conflict. Since 1977,

DCA, which currently administers the Copyright Act, has received more than 120 briefs outlining the positions of artists' associations, producers and culture product users such as cable television operators and educational institutions. Canadian authors and publishers, for instance, rail against loans caused by photocopying, or "pyrography," as it's indignantly called in the book trade. Their targets are academic institutions that copy texts and professional journals in vast quantities for classroom use but pay no royalties because the 1966 act doesn't say they must. Malheur author Paul Robinson, for example, once received a letter from the Alberta ministry of education, his classroom guide, *After Darwin*, was so superb, the writer informed him, that the first chapter had been copied for all senior department personnel. "Spare me such compliments," chafes Robinson. Writers and publishers want a compensation system like Sweden's, which requires all facilities having a photocopying machine to pay for a special license (the resulting revenues are distributed to the literary sector). Although a 1981 CRTC study showed that educational photocopying causes "substantial" losses to the book industry, the Association of Universities and Colleges of Canada vehemently argues that learning institutions, perennially short of funds, should be exempt from payment because education is a public benefit.

Another strong contender for in-

creased protection is the Canadian recording industry, which urges that the federal government for not shielding it from bootleggers and pirates. The production of illegal records and tapes from live concerts and legitimate recordings cost record corporations an estimated \$60 million in 1980. But there have been few prosecutions, the asso-



## You can pour whisky

mean penalty provided by the act for copyright infringement is a mere \$200. Last April, for example, charges were dropped in the case of an Ontario man who publishes his own record guide, *The Hit Parade Quarterly*, and illegally distributes thousands of bootleg records nationwide.

The loudest case-calling, however, arises between television broadcasters and cable TV operators, who currently transmit broadcast signals without paying any fee for them. Canadian cable operators, whose 1981 gross revenues will reach \$280 million—double the 1976 figure—maintain that they haven't hurt the broadcast industry, which is earning more money now than before cable proliferation, and that in many cases cable operators spend more on Canadian programming than broadcasters. "We're not the turkeys that should get shot," snaps Colin Watson, president of Toronto's Rogers Cable Systems. Broadcasters, on the other hand, insist that they have been damaged by cable fragmentation of their markets. When Northern Cable Services of Sudbury, Ont., invaded CIBC-TV's market in 1978, the station promptly lost one-third of its viewers, mainly in U.S. sports shows and Toronto news carried by cable. Three years later, station owner William Plouffe, "disappointed as hell," sold CIBC to the cable company. "Ca-



Watson: 'We're not the turkeys'

ble," fumes Plouffe, "is the only industry I know where a person can take somebody else's product and sell it as his own."

Other disputes are simmering. But since consumer resources are limited, some factions protest in vain. Actor,

musicians and singers stand to lose their fight for a percentage of profits covering their contribution to sound recordings and film. Nor is the recording industry likely to win the protection it seeks from home taping of records and TV broadcasts—although Austria this year introduced a tariff on sales of blank audio tape (broad manufacturers and composers reap the profits) and West Germany has been issuing home taping equipment since the early '80s. On the other hand, record pirating penalties will certainly be stiffened. Writers and publishers almost certainly will be awarded compensation for bulk photocopying of their products. And cable operators, as in the U.S., will probably have to pay for transmission of broadcast signals.

Deciding which groups deserve protection will not be the core for a crucial battle between creators and government. At issue is how payment will be extracted from copyright users found liable to producers. The problem rests with Canada's role as the Western world's biggest net importer of cultural products. Moreover, Canada is a signatory to international treaties specifying that any copyright protection given to local creators must be sensibly extended to the foreigners who produce 80 to 90 per cent of the cultural materials sold in this country, from British



Mayer: supporting a tough law

books to French film. These two factors add up to a threatening combination for consumers. Canadian authors, for example, want to prevent importation of cheaper foreign editions of their books (in which they earn lower royalty payments) whenever a Canadian edition is available. But any such restriction must also bar lower-priced editions by non-Canadian writers whenever a Canadian edition is on the market. The net result, according to a 1982 government study, would be a gain of \$40 mil-

lion to foreign writers and publishers and higher-priced books for Canadian readers.

"If our goal is to make money for Canadian creators," says a CCA research analyst, James Keen, "then copyright isn't always the way to do it." To best copyright defects, his department proposes increasing creative sector support, primarily through a combination of tax breaks, subsidies and Canada Council grants. But creators and producers agree that it's time Canadians recognized the costs of importing foreign culture. Says Toronto film industry

lawyer Bernard Mayer: "Importing cultural products is no different from importing oranges. If you want them, you have to pay the price."

The heated debate over creators' rights will in turn depend on the results of a clandestine campaign now under way in Ottawa—one that involves control of the Copyright Act itself. CCA is currently responsible not only for copyright administration but also for general consumer protection ("A conflict of interest if ever there was one," says Toronto entertainment lawyer Peter Steinert). Now, however, the reinvigoration of CCA is creating new copyright legislation has profoundly shifted the balance of political influence away from consumers. CCA supports broader copyright recognition that is contemplated by CCA, an Deputy Minister Pierre Jodanis puts it: "We need a much, much higher level of creative output in this country" that denies any internal rift, but Ottawa communications lawyer Robert Berman observes, "If power hasn't shifted yet, it's trembling on the brink."

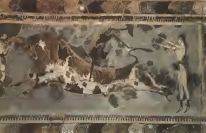
To some observers the question is no longer who is winning the moral battle but how long it will take CCA to acquire copyright control and change the dynamics of Canadian culture. To consumers, however, the issue is more pressing: What price creative glory? ☐



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## ARCHEOLOGY

# The glory that was Crete

A Toronto archaeologist finds a major ancient Minoan port

By Jacqueline Swartz

**I**n the mid '80s, a University of Toronto archaeologist, Joseph Shaw, stood overlooking the site where the ancient city of Knossos once stood, on the southern coast of Crete. He saw a gloomier sea and a lonely stretch of beach marked by three sand-covered hills. Although there were tantalizing bits of pottery strewn along the shore and portions of ancient walls peeling out from high seaside scarp, the archaeologist had yet been sufficiently tempted to excavate the area. But Shaw had a hunch and returned to the site in 1978 to set on it. "You see part of a wall, you see shards, you see the edge of things. That's part of it, the other 90 per cent is sheer belief." The reward for Shaw's faith came late this summer when he unearthed a road dating to the 16th century BC and leading, Shaw speculates, to the Minoan palace of Phaistos, about six kilometres away. Says he: "That's the first clear evidence that Knossos was the major port in Crete where people would land or leave from."

The well-travelled route, made of slabs of limestone, was crisscrossed for its time—almost three metres. It seems likely that cargo from Greek, Egyptian and even oriental ships was hauled along the road to the interior. Another sign that Knossos was a flourishing port is the discovery of what appears to be a customs house buried under six metres of sand, south of the road. The uncommonly large blocks of the customs house led Shaw to believe



Shaw and 16th-century BC road\* fantasizing bits of pottery and ancient walls

that only ramps and ropes could have moved them (the palay had not yet been invented). The Egyptians used the same technique to build their pyramids.

The Minoan excavation first appeared on the historical map in 1893, when British archaeologist Arthur Evans excavated the sprawling palace at Knossos, on the northern coast of Crete and surrounded the world with the revelation of the Cretan Golden Age. The labyrinthine layout, as well as the statues and frescoes of bulls, led Evans to label the civilization Minoan after the legendary King Minos. This ruler condemned youths to be sacrificed to the part-man, part-bull monster known as the Minotaur, who lived in the labyrinth of myth. From 2000 BC, Crete enjoyed more than 500 peaceful years of trade, craftsmanship and benevolent

knights. But the civilization came to an abrupt end in 1400 BC, for reasons that confound archaeologists. Some posit that it was destroyed by an earthquake, others believe the Mycenaeans invaded and conquered Crete. Yet evidence from the ruins at Knossos show the port city escaped damage. "It was, however, the beginning of the decline of the area," claims Shaw.

Over the years, Shaw and his team of 30 from Canada, the U.S. and Europe have also excavated remains of Minoan houses dating as far back as 2000 BC, one of which contained seven rooms and a bathroom. But one of the most unusual discoveries was the three levels of Greek sanctuaries, one built on top of the other, at three distinct periods from 300 BC on. Among the artifacts found were Egyptian faience figurines and a small bronze horse. From dates in the temple dedications to the gods Dem and Athena, Shaw infers that the same deity may have been worshipped in all three sanctuaries. "There was a sense of sacred ground," he says, "in keeping with the Greek presence for the past. You can see it in The Road." Knossos could also have been the shipwreck site

of the Greek hero Theseus as he returned victorious from Troy. "If he existed," says Shaw, "he could hardly have avoided the harbor—it was on his way."

This year Shaw will be scrutinizing his latest Minoan finds in the hope of learning more about the lives of the common people who used them. "I want to know what they ate and how they cooked," he says, "and especially about their lives as seafarers." Next year, the archaeologist plans to return to Greece to write a book on the tri-level sanctuaries. The dig will not be resumed until 1988, but meanwhile, much has to wait: only seven metres of the road have been unearthed. Says Shaw: "I have no doubt that if one continued down the road beyond Phaistos, one would eventually end up in Knossos." ☐

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# Netting the Maritime fishermen

*The vagaries of the fishing industry are fomenting a movement toward unionization*

By Sue Calhoun

Five years ago, Allendale, N.S., fisherman Bill Williams was adamant on the subject of a union for fishermen. "I thought it was for the birds! They were going along pretty good, and I sure didn't want to see a union for!" Today his views are just as strong, though they have evolved 180 degrees. "I'm not scared of a union, now, so I'm not, because I'm fed up to the ears with the damn fish buyers!"

Williams, 38, fishes cod and haddock

only thing that will give them haggling clout.

But unlike their brothers in Newfoundland, where legislation was passed in 1971 to allow fishermen to join the Newfoundland Fishermen, Food and Allied Workers Union, 13,000 restless fishermen in the three Maritime provinces are prohibited by law from joining a trade union. Historically, fishermen who owned their own boats were regarded as independent businessmen, co-adventurers with the companies. In Nova Scotia, the Trade

of being able to bargain legally for prices attractive to many fishermen. Says Williams: "All the fish buyers have to do is drop the prices another two or three cents, and leave them there for a year. You'll see a lot of change [in attitude] around here."

Williams is exaggerating, of course. Traditional anti-union attitudes aren't about to change overnight. At the same time, it's hard to find a fisherman who will say he doesn't want to bargain for the price of his fish. One of the MFA's strongest fans has been the Eastern



Williams (left); Theriault (in foreground) at a demonstration held up with buyers

in southwestern Nova Scotia, the stretch of shoreline between Halifax and Digby where successful buyers and proximity to the U.S. market have meant generally higher prices compared to other parts of the Maritimes. But both prices and catches have been low this year. 180 fishermen led up to Yarmouth for a three-week protest where haddock dropped to 13 cents a pound, the lowest price in five years. The closure of 15 processing plants in recent weeks has temporarily thrown 4,000 employees out of work, and added to the general woes of the industry. Tired of the buyer on the wharf with his take-it-or-leave-it attitude, fishermen (such as Bill Williams, who expects to net no more than \$14,000 this year) are starting to look to unionization as the

Union Act was amended in 1971 to allow fishermen employed on large trawlers to be union members, but boat-owning fishermen remain outside the collective bargaining process because they don't fit neatly into the traditional employer-employee relationship. This Catch-22 is what the Maritime Fishermen's Union (MFA), a loose-knit band of 2,000 fishermen strong along New Brunswick, northern Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island shores, has been pressing to change since 1974. Ironically, as governments daily in what the MFA sees as an attempt to frustrate and discourage unionization, tighter economic conditions are starting to make the prospect

Fishermen's Federation (MFF), an umbrella group of 24 associations—until the establishment of MFA, the only organization through which fishermen had a voice. (While the federation signs contracts on behalf of the association, processors can and do renegotiate prices with individual fishermen.) But even so: Executive Director Allan Billard, a year ago opposed to a union collective bargaining rights for fishermen, today admits the federation system is flawed. "I was talking to a squid fisherman in Canso. He went out and jigged some squid to find out if they were running, and what he'd get for them. When he came in, the processor took 190 [pounds] and told him to dump the rest. It's unacceptable, in this day and age, that a fellow could go out and work all

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# A forgotten chapter with pages missing

Why, in wartime, do decent people emulate their enemies?

THE SPIES WHO NEVER WERE  
CBC Oct. 17 and 18

After Adolf Hitler seized the power of the state in 1933, the Jewish population was, as the well-known Jewish and some Christians (for the Reich was anti-Catholic as well as anti-Semitic) find their homeland, a large number seeking asylum in the humane climate of Britain. It came as a chilling shock when Churchill, after war broke out in 1939, gave his order to "collar the lot"—all German, Austrian and Italian nationals were interned "at His Majesty's pleasure." When makeshift detention camps such as one in the holiday resort on the Isle of Man proved too small, thousands of "dangerous prisoners of war"—an infelicitous mix of captured Nazis and Nazi refugees—were herded onto boats to be shipped to

Canada and Australia. The Canadian-born *Assassins Star* was torpedoed en route, with half of its human cargo killed, other halflands reached their forced-on prisoners in Quebec and New Brunswick.

*The Spies Who Never Were* is Harry Kasky's two-hour look at these detainees. Of almost 3,000 prisoners who were dispatched, about 1,000 those ultimately—after years of incarceration—in exile in Canada. (Not a single spy was caught among them.) They are witnesses to an almost-forgotten episode of state espionage. The internment of native Japanese (many of whom lost the property they had acquired after years of honest labor) is well-documented, though the wounds still smart. But these twice-persecuted, transplanted Europeans have, for the most part, kept their silence. Eminent Canadians such as chronicler Gregory Baum, author Eric Koch and journalist Helmut Bruene reveal, with a good-humored stoicism that does not quite efface their lingering anger, the privations and traumas of their Canadian captivity. The most horrifying moment for one shipment of Jews was to be greeted by a chorus of

Koch (left) came in *Overbrook*, Ques., and *Seinfeld* just as *Seinfeld* in Quebec

Nazi, already in residence at one of the camps, breaking into a virulent anti-Semitic hymn. "When the Jewish blood will gush from the leaves and things will go green as well."

Kasky's motives in recounting this obscure episode of wartime paranoia are honorable, but he's too close to his subject. The survivors appear, from the security of their prosperity and prestige, all too choosy, and the fears and humiliations of wartime fade into the distance. He has also been indulgent, giving two hours on a massive night to tell a story that would have profited from the tightness of one 90-minute or even 60-minute show. And by focusing on an isolated phenomenon of a categorical decade, he has missed the broader and more perplexing question: when war hysteria strikes, what is it that makes decent and honorable people emulate, albeit to a less diabolical degree, the tactics of their enemies? The most sobering remark in the piece is one survivor's reflection that the anti-Semitism he encountered in Quebec was far more blatant than anything he experienced in Germany. It's an allegation that cries out for pursuing.

—BRIAN MACVIGAR

## Nightmares of the boardroom

AFTER THE AXE  
CBC Oct. 18

Having nothing to do with the blade-fused by beams of wood or Liane Berdan. *After the Axe* is nonetheless a chilling little horror story. Not since *Night of the Living Dead* has such a collection of afflicted humans been gathered on film, this time creatures who were once called captains of industry.

*After the Axe* is a docudrama about the firing of an executive. Jeff Wilcox, a 45-year-old manager with a large food firm, loses his bid for the presidency only to be ousted by his successful rival. The firing, of course, is not performed man-to-man—it's would be all too personal. Instead, a horn-squeal Christian named Eric Burton, head of an executive relocation service, is paid \$10,000 to, in the grisly euphemism of the business, "orchestrate the termination." (The fictional executive is played by James B. Douglas, all the other characters play themselves.)

The particular horror comes not from the dare statistics (large corporations tend to discharge up to 10 per cent of their least effective managers—usually middle-aged men with dim prospects—and the number is growing), nor from the plight of the co-managers suddenly

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Douglas: chasing the horror story

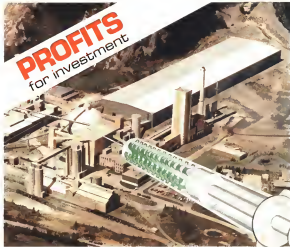
at lower ends. Rather, the devil lies in the lurid jargon of the corporate world, jargon that makes entire barriers seem a matter of routine, an integral part of the "game plan" some overgrown, overambitious schoolboys called executives delight in formulating.

One cannot live in an industrialized nation in the late 20th century, in a world where overgrown apartments are called "executive" suites, without being subjected to the hyped message of the corporate image. But never has the message been more disingenuous in the rhetoric than executives and relations throw around. They speak of "peer group situations", they "lend their ears" for homogeneous listening, and their spouses work at primary health spas are for neither recreational fitness but apt training for the "executive warrior." For his re-entry into the world of post decision-making, Wilson jogs, runs home if under alternative takes, sports a new coat and behaves like a young manorial angling for a modeling contract. The documentary, which fascinates like a snake, begs our sympathy for these turned-out overachievers. That these executives, in exchange for salary and perks, have given the best years of their lives to a system where heartlessness they have wholeheartedly embraced, is only stated as

After the Age is deadpan, mawing comment and judgment, but its characters inadvertently speak volumes. If this is a fair reflection of the thought processes that afflict business as it is generally carried out, the West is in deeper trouble than one might have imagined.

—BILL MACVICAR

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# Looking out for number one, and two, and three

'Cutter's Way' wins a much deserved second chance

## CUTTER'S WAY

Directed by Ivan Passer

As *Cutter's Way* is a wild, bitterly funny creation. A Vietnam veteran who lost an arm, a leg and an eye, Cutter (John Heard) has moved beyond bitterness, his anger has no target, so he rails against everything. He sees the world as a pitiless war party responsible for maiming him, and his mission in life is to crash it. His wife, Mo (Lara Schachar), has also drifted self-destruct, leaping around the house in an alcohol-induced haze while Alex burns himself out night after night raging furiously with his ex-wife, ranting, screaming. With his eyespots, prosthetic leg and nose, eloquent tongue, he is a Holocaust Long John Silver.

Despite Alex Cutter's hatred of the world and himself, he's stuck close in touch with life than his friend Bone (Jeff Bridges), a stud and a drifter who has never committed himself to anything. *Cutter's Way*, which incidentally is a thriller, is also a movie about the intricacies of a triangle and its combustible, parasitic nature. When Bone witnesses a man dumping the dead body of a young woman into a garbage can, he will go some forward and testify. The biter is a powerful off-magnate named Cord, who feels Alex's need to revenge

himself upon the world. Disregarding the pleas of the victim's sister (Ann DeLuca) and Alex to help, Bone refuses to come out of his self-made, self-imposed cocoon. *Cutter's Way* is, of course, about Alex's attempt to make Bone finally care about something other than himself.

There's something quite moving about *Cutter's Way*, and something slightly awkwardness, too. The movie seems to be a delayed arrival from the late '80s, hardly suitable stuff for the self-conscious '90s (When the film was



Bridges (above): Heard with DeLuca remembering the way one can all star

first released as *Cutter and Bone* earlier this year it sounded despite generous critical response, but has been given a reprieve under the new title.) The performances are sterling: Ivan Passer, who made the neglected *Born to Win* with George Segal as a junkie, directs with an eye for rippling textures of light and sound, and he keeps the human—battered, need, frustration—in check, never allowing them to spill over into melodrama. The movie's ultimate statement—that people must be responsible for something other than themselves—may seem an outdated message, but remains worth saying.

—Lawrence O'Toole

## Social ecology of harsh places

### BAEYLON

Directed by Franco Rosso

FW PRISON FOR WOMEN  
Directed by Janet Cosi, Holly Dale

When the lights went up after *Baeylon* was shown at Toronto's Festival of Festivals last month, the movie went right on happening. Director Franco Rosso stood up to field questions from a theatre full of white, middle-class film buffs who had just watched his film about unemployed young blacks in Britain. Spotting two West Indians in the crowd, Rosso asked those two if Toronto was anything like Britain. There was a pause, and then one of them replied: "Yes, it's not as white as Britain, but it's not as black as Britain either. It's just a mess, along with other minorities, of being marginalised in this society."

The experience of living in the margin of society is the subject of *Baeylon* and *FW*, two irreconcilable films which have gone straight from the festival into commercial theatres. *Baeylon* is fiction with the texture of journalism at its best. It was made before the British riots erupted, and now looks like a reportage. *FW*, a documentary about women in prison, has the texture of a novel. Both movies uncover racism, courage and undefined human warmth where least expected.

*Baeylon* is a political movie you can dance to. The Murder They Came, a reggae work is central to the story. The young British blacks in the film are part of a dub band—a raucous, careening, raucous with inspired live rap. Unemployed in a labor-based, money-ruled white society, they grow up in an atmosphere of alienation. Their own culture is invisible, reduced to the smoke and sounds of reggae and Rastafarianism. It's easier for the West Indians in Brit-



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## Facts About FOSTER PARENTS PLAN

What is Foster Parents Plan? PLAN is a non-profit, non-sectarian, non-political social service agency. Our goal is to help children, their families and communities overcome the problems they face. Through social welfare, health, education and community development programs, PLAN avoids long-term dependency and helps, in time, enable the society to assume a greater responsibility for its own people.

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Faris, Karl Newman: life in the struggle

to identify with dreams of Ethiopia, then with the reality of England.

The roots of racism are hard to isolate and tricky to dramatize. Ross's alert, graceful narrative takes us inside the main character, a man called Blue (Brimley Foster) who is the band's lead singer. Tightly fired by a white boss, humbled by his anguished parents, and routinely frequented by the police, Blue absorbs so much social violence that finally it breaks down his own humanity. Almost accidentally, he kills a white man, in a scene of bitter, unavoidable social logic. Cut off from a culture that confirms him, no one can ever humanize against insurmountable odds.

Blue is last seen presiding at the microphone, urging the black dancers to stand firm as the police start hammering at the doors. The message couldn't be more literal, or more naturally told, as one culture is breaking down outside another and comes together inside, forged by violence. The amusing thing is how Ross uses this sad fact of history to document one of the more convincing human instincts—the urge to be part of a community, whether it's a nation or a Saturday night dance.

P.W. is also an independent production which needed several years to overcome red tape and resistance. Holly Day and Jason Cole open up life inside the Kingston Prison for Women in a way that is totally disarming. Based on a draft social document, the audience gets a study of the sort of social settings that cause hold in harsh places. The wild flowers in the Arctic.

Five women talk about their lives in jail. A mother with a laugh-looking haircut makes a videotape for her son, singing him a song she made up. An older woman, a convicted murderer, tells the story of how she killed her husband after 14 years of abuse. Ah yes, the social victim, we think. Then, with the same shattering self-generosity, she tells us how she married again and killed her second husband. Adjusting the pictures of her children on the shelves in her cell, she talks about how

each she loses them. The eldest has accepted the first murder, when he remembers the man beating her, but "he still has trouble with the second."

As with the violence in *Shogun*, the more detailed and human she becomes in the film, the more her crime takes on a terrible inevitability—one that says much more about the weaknesses of society than the strengths of the prison system. There is no political point of view, just a quiet, curious camera, recording what prison takes away and what it cannot suppress.

—MARK JACKSON

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Canadians told us when they found the whole energy question thoroughly confusing. With different loads of information coming from the federal government, from provincial governments, from the media and from the industry they said they simply didn't know what to believe.

For the Canadian Petroleum Association, the confusion surrounding the country's energy situation presented an obvious challenge. One that could best be met through an information program designed to help people understand more about the oil and gas aspect of energy.

### A Rude Awakening

The second part of our study presented a different kind of problem. Canadians told us they thought we were good at finding and producing oil and gas, but not very good at communicating with Canadians. The study suggested that we need a way to make profits clear about the country. That we favoured the west over other regions of Canada. And that there was some doubt about our honesty and integrity.

Naturally, we thought some of the opinions revealed by the study were not entirely accurate so we decided to go ahead with an information program. This advertisement and others in newspapers, magazines and television represent a first step in that program. As for honesty and integrity, we think people will believe us if we do our best to provide accurate and helpful information. It's a program from which we hope everybody will benefit.



Canadians are almost equally divided on the issue of whether or not they want the oil and gas industry to develop or to pay less because we have plenty. But the study also revealed that question.

### Not a crisis. A challenge.

Right now, Canada is not confronted with a resource crisis. But in the longer term we do face the question of security of oil supply. It is possible for Canada to become oil self-sufficient in the years ahead. But achievement of that goal will be influenced by decisions made now and in the near future.

At the Canadian Petroleum Association, we believe oil self-sufficiency for Canada is a challenge that must be met because our national security depends on it. But that challenge can only be met when the capacity of Canadians agree to the goal and understand the national commitment required of the country.

For that reason, we're going to do our best to help Canadians understand more about the oil and gas aspect of the energy question. That's a commitment we plan to keep. Because we believe energy solutions begin with understanding.



The column on the left shows the actual percentage of profits and contributions paid to the oil and gas industry relative to the total national income. The column on the right shows the actual percentage of cash that is reported by the industry for tax.

## DANCE

# Stretching exercise

The Royal Winnipeg Ballet mounts a full-length masterpiece

When the Royal Winnipeg Ballet (RWB) premiered *Rosco and Juliet* last week at the Manitoba Centennial Concert Hall, the usually restrained audience rose for a simultaneous standing ovation, whistling and hollering to host Critique roared about the production, and the remaining five performers said out. The response was exceptional since the full-length ballet presented an audacious new company policy of acquiring bigger, longer works. The change of direction defies convention. Canada Council dictates—ordered by grants based on company size—that the blockbuster classes are

company funded the anti-affordable \$196,000 production with its own money, partially from a locally raised \$307,000 accumulated surplus.

With its future image so much at stake, the RWB was immensely relieved by the unexpected audience response. While the technical demands of a classic such as *Rosco and Juliet* proved to be the perfect vehicle for the dramatic power that was always obvious in the shorter works but never fully stated. The intense drama that internationally celebrated choreographer Rodi van Duijn managed to elicit around the weaknesses of many dancers, Andre Lewis in *Misericordia* and Baxter Brumster as Tybalt transformed their normally murky technique with the obvious understanding of their roles. Conversely, David Perregrine, who has always possessed class, light technique but little emotional projection, emerged as a riveting, grace-like Rosco. In fact, Perregrine was so impressive he overshadowed his more famous partner, Evelyn Hart. As Juliet, her coarseness gave added a chance for lyrical flow or subtlety, possibly because of opening-night jitters. Except for an arrogantly slight rendering of the Prologue score by the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, the production quality was high. The costumes by Teri van Schayk were distinctive in color, and design and the light projections were extraordinary.



Rodi Perregrine, a perfect vehicle for dramatic presence

logically the property of Toronto's National Ballet, which boasts 65 dancers, instead of small troupes such as the RWB, whose membership numbers 25.

The company did not mean to be transient. After 43 years of serving the harsh belt with a repertoire of small-scale works—about all high quality—it was simply tired of its adolescent image. A mature work was sought to complement the RWB's innovative version of *The Makin' and* to test both the new talent coming out of its professional school and its own home-grown stars. Evelyn Hart and David Perregrine, ignoring Ottawa's wishes, the

plenty Orchestra, the production quality was high. The costumes by Teri van Schayk were distinctive in color, and design and the light projections were extraordinary.

The astonishing vibrancy and success of this production has embarrassing implications. With its own money, a small ballet company has mounted a classic with greater dramatic flair than anything the National Ballet has done in years. As the National prepares to stage its much-delayed and horrendously expensive *Napoli*, it must wonder about the strength of its mandate.

—JOHN AYRE

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# North-South monologue is a matter of voice

FLAMES ACROSS THE BORDER  
by Pierre Berton  
(McClelland and Stewart, \$24.95)

**K**inberg, 1985. An tartan writer becomes American spring. Pierre Berton sits at his desk, as he has sat for many months now, writing short, sharp character sketches for *Flames Across the Border*. At 61, fit, vigorous, well past middle age, he can be proud of his latest achievement. The *Flames of Canada* is behind him. The first volume of his social history of the War of 1812, it is receiving scores of good reviews, is being read by many thousands, it earning its author more hundreds of thousands of dollars, perhaps. But recently the surface of his self-assurance has been cracked by inner doubts no wider than a line drawn on paper. Can he sustain the tone of voice throughout the equally long *Flames Across the Border*? Can he continue making sense of a war that makes no sense? Will families who purchased the first book feel obliged to purchase volume 2? Or are they satisfied once more as Berton, at the peak of his powers, allows himself a flaring and uncharacteristic glance over the window? This is the biggest challenge he has faced since *The Last Days of Pompeii* 10 years previous. He asks himself: how will it all end?

The war is going badly. In his own back, a bunch of American yahoos—warriors, interlopers, against the most part—picked a fight with Britain. But long too far from Mother England, they instead attacked territorial Canada. It was a costly mistake. British repulsed them at Quebec, then Niagara. But now Brock's defeat, cut down in mid-career so that his knighthood will be posthumous. Now the question is how long can the country hold out, how long can Berton maintain his position?

So indecision, bloodthirsty, undisciplined (most of all undisciplined), the Americans attack York and take it, but soon withdraw, the damage done. Meanwhile, in the vast territories at the western end of these lakes deservingly called Great, treachery is afoot. The Americans try splitting between the delicate alliance of the British and the Indians. The text, it seems clear, will come on these self-named lakes. For he controls them controls the ball



Berton, author of *Flames Across the Border*

game. The situation spells trouble for Berton.

Throughout the novel, Berton, stately on carriage, confident in silver shoes, has felt that the war is to be remembered as a land war. Yet he finds himself in conflict with himself over the Battle of Lake Erie. In fact, the conflict knows few limits. Berton has long viewed most of the leaders on both sides as incompetent boobies. For the mostly-matched and well-learned gifts of both camps he has, however, little use. He is especially annoyed by the most governmenters. Supplies are always late, food non-existent, ordinance where it shouldn't be, morale not up to snuff. For Berton, a fine engineer, maybe a great war (history will decide), this is infuriating. But now he has serious trouble. It was too long when he had to debunk the heroism of Laura Secord—a heroism to some extent of her own invention. Now he must praise, in one of his thumbnail portraits, the American naval commander Oliver Hazard Perry. But then war is hell, it is a time of confusion, logic, sanity against illogic, suspicion against neighbor, neither against either.

The events move swiftly, and the sentences have no fluff on them either.

Perry is victorious. The defense of Canada fails. Even Detroit, captured by the British in an earlier installment, has to be abandoned. But the page turns, the tide turns. Buffalo is an alliance, beginning a tradition that persists to this day. Then the British strike at the American heartland, Washington, D.C. Despite repeated efforts, the Americans, for their part, fail to capture Kingston—Montreal, too—and thus fail to do what the map suggests they do: divide the Canadas into Upper and Lower, like deities.

But while the war rages, the peace talks, thousands of miles away, rage on. And there, so suddenly as it all began, it ends. Yet no one is the winner. Not the British. Not the Canadians. Not the Indians. Not even the Americans, despite what they will tell their schoolchildren later on. Only the living are the authors, the public. Berton has done it again. He is surviving one of the most grueling writing tasks of his long career. When the smoke clears, he takes another sheet of paper and places it squarely on the carriage of his typewriter. His eyes avoid the lure of the window, though which lamellae winter is giving way to impetuous spring. His fingers begin striking the keys. "Peace. Snow falling in a curtain of heavy flakes. Snow blowing in the teeth of a bitter east wind off the lake. Snow lying cold deep in the streets, whirling in eddies around log buildings, creeping under doors, piling in drifts at the base of smoke fences."

—DAVID PETERBERG

## MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

### Fiction

- 1 *Noble House*, Cleveland (1)
- 2 *Cops*, Klap (1)
- 3 *God Against Man*, Avidon (1)
- 4 *The Tenth Deadly Sin*, Sanders (1)
- 5 *The Other Dime*, Wrentham (1)
- 6 *Corby Park*, Smith (1)
- 7 *The Cornish*, Wheeler (1)
- 8 *Goodbye, Innocent*, Robbins (1)
- 9 *The Last Days of America*, Erdman
- 10 *Lambert's Luck*, Anderson (1)

### Nonfiction

- 1 *The Lord God Made Them All*, Hersey (1)
- 2 *The Beverly Hills Diet*, Ward (1)
- 3 *Immersion in a Royal Wedding*, Jackson (1)
- 4 *The Last Days of America*, Erdman
- 5 *Flames Across the Border*, Berton (1)
- 6 *The Eagle's Gift*, Connors (1)
- 7 *Caution*, Spohn (1)
- 8 *The Ultra Report on Male Sexuality*, Alvi (1)
- 9 *Terry Fox: His Story*, Stevenson (1)
- 10 *The Underworld Complex*, Gervais (1)
- 11 *Deborah's Book of the Royal Wedding*, Vickers (1)

(1) Figures last week

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# Friend to all his enemies

Pierre Trudeau's inability to play on teams unites his foes

By Allan Fotheringham

**T**he strange thing about Pierre Trudeau, the enigmatic intellectual who masquerades as a leading politician, is that he is far better at uniting other parties than his own. Back in the days when he still spoke to your blacking agent, he once scribbled in my notebook that the toughest thing to master in his early years as a prime minister was learning to be a team player. As a loner who would never touch team

sports as a youth and preferred to test his ideas in single combat with the elements, he suddenly found himself part of a team—30 or so bodies sitting around a cabinet table—and he had to chuck as a team player. It wasn't easy, he confessed, to wipe all the solitary mental attitudes developed over the five decades of his life. As a grown man, he had to re-educate himself.

It's hard to believe today, with the constitutional mess on steroids at his feet, that he has the patience to be a team player any longer. His stubborn and arrogant refusal to play by the rules

of a federal state with two layers of government that somehow must get along means that he has united Quebec as an enemy. He has the glowing spectacle of René Lévesque, who once openly says he wants to break up Canada, being supported by Claude Ryan's Liberals as a resolution during Trudeau's low-wind attitude. René Scovett, the only spokesman for the Anglo-Establishment left in Quebec, tall and elegant and from the right schools, has to stand in the national assembly and explain why he must vote with the bitter enemy Lévesque as a matter in which Trudeau is so wrong. Liberal Trudeau has just about destroyed the Liberal party in Quebec (and, certainly Ryan) and given the man he despises, Lévesque, a virtually irredeemable future. Scovett team work.

With the same impetuous sweep of his intellect that has united Quebec against him, the prime minister let all the people of Fotheringham is a columnist for *Saturday Star*.

him temporarily united the Tories—that coalition of former enemies—and, in a hilarious bit of comic history, saved for a time the shaky crown of poor young Joe Clark.

The Regressive Conservatives paving the ground on their stance in day-long agony, reluctantly swallowed what they secretly want to do and professed to believe that, yes, truly, wait Joe to lead them into the next election. No one takes their pseudo-sincerity seriously—least of all Joe, who knows he would be

the constitution debate, so much so that he had to become a graduate in 101 studies, that human republic's political climate being more substantial at the time than the air in the 107 evanescent. Now that Trudeau has decided to do his unilateral half-pincer off his own gear matter, a general Broadbent has seen the opening and has reversed his previous fidelity to the Trudeau plan.

Hardly believing his luck, Broadbent has now planted many kisses on the heads of the Saskatchewan dissidents who were embarrassing his leadership and the split in the party is smoothed. All courtesy of Pierre Trudeau, dispenser of kindness to his enemies.

To complete the parley, the inner with one eye as his personal retirement clock has united the disparate provinces as never before. After the Great Healer came to power in 1968, there were in succeeding years six provincial governments that enjoyed the same party label—and supposedly politics—a Trudeau Liberal. Today of course there isn't a single spin, thanks in large part to his predilection for confabulation.

In this current dispute he has managed something more magical in political terms: he has managed to force together a separatist government in Quebec, assassinate from Saskatchewan, deep-dish traditionalists from Anne of Green Gables' island, freeshooting capitalists from Alberta, as notable corroboration from Newfoundland, the federalist and anti philosophy of British Columbia. All think Trudeau is a brawler, and even the two doctors, Brampton Billy Davis—the only parish pump politician ever to reduce Ontario to the position of a minor power—and New Brunswick's Richard Blais, have started to quarrel publicly the errand leadership of the man on high.

The cerebral intellectual who wandered into politics almost out of boredom is not really a politician at all. He is a fascinating personality who has one been told by the Supreme Court—supporting what the provinces have been telling him—that he's been going about it all wrong.



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